4/23 - 5/1

EXT JUNGLE NIGHT

An eyeball, big, yellowish, distinctly inhuman, stares raptly between wooden slats, part of a large crate. The eye darts from side to side quickly, alert as hell.

INSIDE THE CRATE,

we get glimpses of what's on the other side of those wooden slats -- jungle foliage, MEN with rifles, searing searchlights. The view is herky-jerky as the crate is lowered into the thick of the foliage.

A legend places us

IN THE JUNGLE,

the crate THUDS to the jungle floor and the ropes that held it aloft are unhitched, dropping onto the roof of the crate like so many dead snakes. ~~Sud~~ A

It's quiet for a second. t~~hen there~~ is ~~a~~ A ROAR~~ing sound that~~ rises up from the jungle and grows deafening, fast. The ~~[illegible]~~ trees shake as something very, very large plows ahead through them, right at us. Every head gathered in this little clearing snaps, turning in the direction of the sound in time to see it as it bursts forward, through the trees.

It's a bulldozer. It drops its scoop and pushes forward, into the back end of the crate, shoving it across the jungle floor ~~[illegible]~~ towards an enormous, heavily fortified holding pen that stands at the edge of the clearing. ~~The cage is big, tall, and designed to fit in with the jungle around it. A~~ A door hangs open in the cage, making a space as big as the end of the wooden crate. Pen

The bulldozer stops as the crate is almost at the edge of the opening. The movement has agitated whatever is inside the crate, and the whole thing ~~shakes a little.~~ shivers, GROWLS and SNAPS are heard from inside.

Nobody moves for a second. Finally, a GUY with more keys on his belt than anybody else gestures to the front of the crate.

Two WORKERS jump on top of the crate and grab hold of handles on either side of the top of the end panel.

The searchlights are trained on the door. The Riflemen throw the bolts on their guns.

With a long, hard tug, ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~ the Workers lift the panel, removing it, and toss it to the side of the crate. It hits the jungle floor with a dull THUD. Whatever's in the crate is now free to move into the holding pen.

But nothing happens.

The Guy with the keys gestures to the bulldozer, which ~~starts~~ moves forward, ~~up again~~ nudging the crate closer to the door, to the holding pen, trying to stir its occupants into moving.

Still nothing.

One of the Workers on top of the crate takes a tentative step forward, to try to look over the edge, into the crate. But he can't see anything.

He edges forward, a little further. Only black inside the crate.

He edges forward further still. The Riflemen tense.

The Worker leans forward, ever so slightly.

SLASH! A claw flahes out from inside the crate, the Worker SCREAMS, the first Rifleman FIRES and we --

CUT TO:

EXT CLINIC NIGHT

Heavy tropical rain ROARS down on the corrugated metal roof of a medical clinic in a tiny village wedged between the ocean and the jungle.

A legend tries to place us --

BAHIA ANASCO
WESTERN COAST OF COSTA RICA

-- but to us it's still the middle of nowhere.

The beach is just beyond the clinic, almost impossible to see because of the torrential rain.

INT CLINIC NIGHT

DR. ROBERTA CARTER, thirtyish, is the E.R. doctor, but in her shorts and tee-shirt the only clue is the stethoscope around her neck, its bell rusting from the jungle air.

She's got a chair pulled up to the silvery examining table and is playing cards with RAMON, fortyish, an attendant.

They're bored out of their skulls, playing in silence.

Ramon looks up suddenly.

RAMON

Listen!

CARTER
(of the rain)
I hear it, Ramon.

RAMON
No, listen!

She listens -- and now she hears it too, a low RUMBLE that grows steadily louder. They jump up, go to the window, and look out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

they see a wavering light that hovers out over the ocean. It grows steadily brighter, stronger, and closer as the RUMBLE turns to a ROAR.

It's a helicopter. It rears up over the beach and starts to descend, but is buffetted mercilessly by the storm's winds.

EXT BEACH NIGHT

CARTER and RAMON hurry out to the helicopter as it finally touches down on the sand. The chopper is a big old Sikorsky with the words "InGen Construction" painted on the side.

The cargo door SLAMS open and a man jumps out -- ED REGIS is in his late twenties, in a windbreaker and dress pants, trying like hell to be in charge but in over his head. He SHOUTS over the prop wash.

REGIS
(lousy Spanish)
Donde esta el doctor?!

CARTER
I'm the doctor!

Two more GUYS come out the back of the helicopter, carrying a stretcher between them. A MAN is on the stretcher, covered with a sheet that is soaked through with blood. Carter goes to him and runs alongside as they carry the stretcher toward the clinic.

CARTER (cont.)
(shouting)
You'd better get him to San Juan!

REGIS
(shakes his head)
Can't get over the mountains in this weather! You have to treat him here!

-- whom we recognize as the unlucky worker from on top of the crate --

INT CLINIC NIGHT

A hand sweeps the playing cards off the examining table. The INJURED MAN is laid back on the table in their place and a light swung around on top of him.

DR. CARTER and RAMON pull back the bloody sheet. The Man's clothes are torn and completely blood-soaked. Ramon starts to cut away the remains of the Injured Man's shirt, revealing a big slashing rip along his shoulder.

Carter works on cutting off his pants, and there's a similar wound on his leg, deep enough to reveal the pulsing femoral artery. Carter talks like she works, fast, RIPPING cloth and TEARING open medical packages.

CARTER
What happened to him?

REGIS and the other two MEN, who are standing timidly in the corner, look at each other. Regis speaks up.

REGIS
Construction accident. He fell
and -- one of the backhoes ran
over him.

CARTER
How long ago?

REGIS
Half hour. ~~'Bout an hour.~~ We're working on
the new resort, out on the island.
~~that's why it took so long.~~

Ramon starts an intravenous line while Carter examines the wounds. Around the edges of the ragged flesh there are traces of a thick foam, which she rubs curiously between her fingers.

CARTER
Which island?

REGIS
Isla Nublar. About a hundred
twenty miles due west.

RAMON
(to Carter)
Lavage?

CARTER
Block him first.

She leans lower, probing the wounds with her fingertips. She furrows her brow, as if something's not right here. She turns her attention to the Injured Man's hands. They're covered with long cuts and scratches which extend up his arms, almost to his elbows.

CARTER (cont.)
(to Ramon)
Type him and get some blood into him, stat.
(to Regis)
You three wait in the hall. I want to talk to you.

There's no arguing with that tone of voice. The three men file silently into the hall.

Carter goes to a cabinet and takes out a pathologist's camera. She takes several quick shots of the Man's wounds -- especially of those slashed hands and arms -- and sets the camera on top of an empty surgical tray.

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

REGIS and the other two MEN wait in the hallway, conferring among themselves in hushed whispers. DR. CARTER steams out of the emergency room and goes straight to them. They fall silent as she comes up to them.

CARTER
If an earth mover had rolled over that man, dirt would have been forced into the wounds. There isn't any, only saliva. And he would have been crushed, not slashed.

REGIS
Maybe the backhoe --

CARTER
Backhoe, my ass. His hands and forearms are sliced to ribbons. Those are defense wounds. That man was attacked, and put up his hands to defend himself.

Regis has no answer to that.

CARTER (cont.)
Now what do you say you start telling me the truth?

But there's no time for the truth, as CRIES OF PAIN start coming from the other room, followed by the urgent SHOUTS of Ramon.

INT CLINIC NIGHT

The INJURED MAN is having convulsions, which RAMON is frantically trying to control. CARTER hurries into the E.R., goes to him, and tries to block his mouth, to prevent him from swallowing his tongue, when the convulsions abruptly stop and the Man lies still.

Dead. His eyes stare up blankly.

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

CARTER comes back into the hallway, to notify the Men of the death. REGIS and the OTHERS have moved, over to the door to the outside, which is standing open.

Another man is standing in the open doorway -- JOHN HAMMOND, about seventy, with ~~shining eyes that say "Follow me!" and~~ a presidential bearing~~. There is~~ that leaves no question he is in charge.

Carter looks at them from across the room and shakes her head.

CARTER
He'd lost too much blood.

The Men turn and look at her. Hammond draws himself up to his full height.

HAMMOND
Damn.

EXT BEACH NIGHT

The helicopter lifts off slowly and heads back the way it came, out over the ocean again.

INT CLINIC NIGHT

RAMON and DR. CARTER stand in the middle of the examining room, which is now empty and littered with blood and debris.

They say nothing for a moment, perhaps stunned by the swiftness of the encounter.

RAMON
The man -- he said something before the convulsions. "Raptor. Lo sa raptor." Something like that.

CARTER
What does it mean?

RAMON
I don't know. No es espanol.

She goes to a desk on the other side of the room and picks up a dictionary. She flicks through it.

Ramon shrugs, grabs a towel, and gets down on his knees, to wipe up the blood from the floor.

CARTER
"Raptor." It's english.
(reading)
"Bird of prey."

Ramon looks up slowly, bloody towel in hand.

RAMON
"Bird of prey?"

CARTER
Why would he say that?

RAMON
(chilled)
Bird of prey.

Struck by a thought, Carter turns and looks sharply to the other of the room, at an empty surgical tray.

CARTER
Where's my camera?

CUT TO:

EXT MOUNTAINSIDE DAY

Dozens of shirtless WORKERS claw and scrape at a rocky mountainside that is the site of some kind of extensive mining operation. But it's all done by hand, pick and shovel instead of dynamite and bulldozer.

MANO DE DIOS AMBER MINE
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

JOHN

HAMMOND, surprisingly limber for his age, ~~climbs nimbly up a~~ hurries up ~~steep part of~~ toward the mountainside, ~~There's~~ a commotion further up the hill. Most of the Miners are heading that way, waving to Hammond and SHOUTING in Spanish for him to hurry.

DONALD GENNARO, fortyish, dressed in a city man's idea of hiking clothes and carrying an expensive briefcase, follows Hammond, trying unsuccessfully to keep up.

GENNARO
(panting)
-- and we're facing a $2 million
lawsuit from the family of that

construction worker! Your investors think the project is out of control!

HAMMOND
We're constructing, Donald. Construction accidents are going to happen.

GENNARO
John, this isn't a request -- it's a demand! This inspection is going to happen, and if we find that place unsafe I am ~~empowered~~ ready to shut it down!

Hammond stops in his tracks. He turns around, hands on hips, staring down the hill at Gennaro. Gennaro finally catches up, sweating and out of breath. The excited Miners stream past them, joining a group that is gathered around a hole in the ground.

HAMMOND
I choose the experts.

He turns and fights his way through the Miners grouped around the hole and jumps in. Gennaro breathes a sigh of relief, then turns and looks around the mine, which is about as primitive as such an operation can possibly look.

GENNARO
Jesus, what'd we pay for this dump?

HAMMOND
(in the hole)
Twenty-two million.

Two Miners are in the hole, where they have apparently dug something very special out of the ground. Hammond takes it from them and examines it. A big grin spreads across his face.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Es perfecto! Exactamente lo que queremos! Perfecto!

The Miners CHEER.

GENNARO
Twenty-two million?! For what?!

Hammond looks up and tosses whatever it is the Miners found through the air to Gennaro. It sails out of the pit, over the heads of the Miners, and the lawyer reaches up and snatches it out of the air.

He holds it up to the light of the sun. It's a chunk of amber, which looks like a shiny yellow rock, about the size of a half dollar. With the light of the sun shining through it, we see that the amber is translucent, and that there is something actually inside this strange stone --

-- a huge mosquito, long dead, entombed there. Perfectly preserved.

HAMMOND

For that!

CUT TO:

EXT THE DIG DAY

Somebody's playing in the dirt.

A dental pick reaches down into a two-foot square of rough, dried soil that has been carefully excavated, revealing the whitish, rounded arcs of fossilized bone. A hand carefully CHIPS a chunk of foreign matter from one of the bones, then another hand dusts them clean with an artist's camel brush.

VOICE (o.s.)

(from far away)

Dr. Grant?

ALAN GRANT, mid-thirties, sits up, sweating profusely, and we see the bone he's working on is just part of an entire skeleton he is excavating.

Grant's a ragged-looking guy, long hair, a few days' growth of beard, well-tanned. His concentration is fierce -- you wouldn't want to get in the way of it.

VOICE (o.s.)

Dr. Grant!

Grant, not seeming to hear the voice, reaches below the rug-layer's pads strapped to his bare knees and scratches. His break over, he bends down again and carefully paints the exposed section of bone with rubber cement before continuing.

Another VOICE shouts to him, a woman's, and this one is impatient and unafraid.

VOICE (o.s.)

Yo, Alan!

Grant finally looks up.

VOICE (o.s.)

We're ready to try again!

Grant stands, painfully, stretching out his back.

GRANT
I hate computers.

He walks toward the source of the voice, and as he goes we get our first look at the surrounding badlands. Exposed outcroppings of crumbling limestone stretch for miles in every direction, not a tree or a bush in sight.

In the dig itself, the ground is checkered with excavations everywhere. There's a base camp with five or six teepees, a flapping mess tent, a few cars, and a mobile home. There are a dozen VOLUNTEERS at work in various places around the dig.

Storm clouds are gathering overhead; a thundershower seems imminent. ~~Another~~ legend places us:

BADLANDS OUTSIDE SNAKEWATER, MONTANA.

Grant arrives where THREE VOLUNTEERS are clustered around a computer terminal, crudely set up on top of an empty case of beer. The Volunteers are young, mostly in their early twenties, energetic, excitable types.

One of them, DR. ELLIE SATTLER, is in her late twenties, athletic-looking. There's an impatience about Ellie, as if nothing in life happens quite fast enough for her.

ELLIE
(to Grant)
Ready?

GRANT
Give it a shot.

Ellie turns to a VOLUNTEER, this one about twenty yards away, standing next to a silver cart with an umbrella over it that looks suspiciously like it belongs to a hot dog vendor.

ELLIE
FIRE!

The Second Volunteer throws a switch on the hot dog cart and the whole thing hops up into the air as it drives a soft lead pellet into the earth with tremendous force. There is a dull THUD, the earth seems to vibrate, and all eyes turn to the computer screen --

-- which suddenly comes alive, yellow contour lines tracing across it rapidly, beautifully defining the skeleton of a dinosaur.

The Volunteers CHEER and slap hands. Grant smiles, in spite of himself. He looks at Ellie in admiration.

GRANT
I'll be damned. ~~It works.~~

ELLIE
It looks a little distorted, but
that's not the computer.

GRANT
(shakes his head)
Postmortem contraction of the
posterior neck ligaments.

ELLIE
Velociraptor?

GRANT
Definitely. Looks perfect, too.
Maybe our luck is finally starting
to change!

Ellie smiles at him. He looks down, notices he's taken her hand in excitement. He withdraws his, as naturally as he can, but there is awkwardness in it, and they both feel it.

One of the INTERNS, only about twenty, leans in for a look.

INTERN
What'd this one stand, about five
feet? Doesn't look very fearsome.

Grant lowers his sunglasses, staring at the Intern like he just came from another planet. Ellie rolls her eyes. ~~She mutters, to [illegible] volunteer, under her breath.~~ ~~another~~

ELLIE (under her breath)
Here we go.

Grant puts his arm around the Intern in a friendly way and leads him to the computer screen.

GRANT
You'd get your first look at the
raptor as you step into a clearing,
but he knew you were there a long
time ago. He's not so big, you
think, shorter than you, only a
little heavier. He moves fluidly,
lightly, bobbing his head, like ~~a~~
bird. ~~You're frozen there, and
as long as you are, you're safe.
His visual acuity's based on movement,
so if you stay still, [illegible]
But you don't stay still. You move.~~

maybe he'll
lose you.

You stay ~~still~~ frozen.
You think maybe
his visual acuity's
based on movement,
like the
T-rex, ~~if you stay
still, [illegible] you.~~
But it's not.
Not the
raptor. You stare at him.

On the screen, the image of the velociraptor rotates around to the front, so we are facing it dead on.

The
GRANT (cont.)
~~That's when the~~ attack comes ~~--~~
~~but it comes~~ from the side, ~~instead,~~
from the other two you didn't even
know were there. The raptor's a
pack hunter, see, and he's out in
force today. They slash at you with
this --

He points to the computer screen, to the raptor's three-toed foot.

GRANT (cont.)
-- a six inch retractable claw,
like a razor, on the middle toe.
They don't try to bite the jugular,
like a lion, they just slash here,
here --

He points to the Intern's chest and thigh.

GRANT (cont.)
-- or maybe across the belly, spilling
your intestines. Point is, you're
alive when they start to eat you.
Whole thing took about four seconds.

~~The~~ Intern's face is a combination of fascination and dread.

~~E~~
~~Now that is a man~~
~~who loves the sound~~
~~of his own voice~~

GRANT (cont.)
(breaking the mood)
So, you know, try to show a little
respect.

The group LAUGHS and THUNDER rumbles overhead. Grant looks to the sky, which really threatens rain now.

GRANT (cont.)
Okay, let's get that fossil protected.
I think a two meter trench oughta do
it, if you start here and --

The computer screen goes black.

GRANT (cont.)
What happened now?

Ellie bends to the tangle of wires that feed into the back of the computer.

ELLIE
We lost the integrator input.

~~GRANT~~
~~Figures.~~

~~Ellie looks daggers at him.~~

GRANT ~~(cont.)~~
Okay. Do it the old-fashioned way.

The group GROANS. Grant starts off, down the hill to the base camp.

ON THE HILLSIDE,

Ellie hurries up alongside him. She stares at him for a moment as they walk. He ~~looks~~ stares back.

GRANT
What?

ELLIE
We ~~gonna~~ going to talk about it this time?

GRANT
Not if I can help it.

He laughs. She doesn't.

GRANT (cont.)
That wasn't funny. I'm sorry.

ELLIE
I don't want you to apologize.
Look, the unexpected happens, let's
just deal with it.

GRANT
I hate the unexpected. What'd we do the last time? That
was great.

ELLIE
We avoided each other for three
days.

GRANT
Right! What was wrong with that?

~~She shakes her head, used to his routine.~~

ELLIE
What are you so afraid of?

He stops in his tracks and ticks them off on his fingers.

GRANT
Women. Children.

E _ (sighs)
How can someone so educated
be so clueless?

But Grant doesn't answer, as ~~She laughs, but~~ his attention is now divided between the frantic digging going on up on the hill and the impending storm, which is starting to loose its first raindrops.

GRANT (cont.)
They're not gonna get the drainage dug in time.

ELLIE
I mean, ~~Look,~~ I admit I'm not a dead thing --

GRANT
Where's that big intern, the one from Ohio ~~?~~ State? He oughta be helping 'em.

ELLIE
-- but should that really count against me?

Grant turns and looks down the hill, at the teepees below.

GRANT
I bet he slept in again. Where's he think he is, Club Med?

ELLIE
Alan?

Without another word, Grant turns and marches down the hill, full of righteous indignation. Ellie turns and kicks a clump of dirt, frustrated as hell. The Intern comes down the hill and stands next to her.

They watch as Grant goes to one teepee in particular, grabs it by the poles, and shakes it violently, BELLOWING at whoever is inside. As the tent collapses, a YOUNG GUY, ~~[illegible]~~, big and muscular, ~~maybe twenty years old,~~ stumbles out in his boxer shorts, totally disoriented.

Grant SHOUTS at him, gesturing to the top of the hill.

Ellie sighs and shakes her head. She looks at the Intern, a little embarrassed for Grant.

~~E~~
~~He can be kind of an asshole.~~

~~E~~
~~Shut up.~~

~~ELLIE (cont.)~~
~~He can be an asshole. But he's our asshole.~~

E (cont.)
Alan likes bones.

CUT TO:

EXT CAMP NIGHT

Nighttime. The storm is over, and the clear night sky is truly spectacular, lit up with a million stars. The camp is quiet at this hour, all the teepees dark except for one, which glows slightly.

INT   GRANT'S TEEPEE   NIGHT

GRANT is up late, reading by a small lantern in his teepee. He looks up, hearing a noise we don't.

The noise grows steadily louder as the teepee starts to flap and shake. The noise becomes a ROAR, like some giant beast descending on the camp. Grant scrambles to his feet and pulls on a pair of pants as the teepee whips and sways around him.

EXT   CAMP   NIGHT

GRANT runs out into the camp, where wind blows everywhere. He shields his eyes and looks up, into a bright white light that is the source of all this chaos --

-- a huge helicopter, hovering over the camp.

As the OTHERS now start to stumble out of their tents, Grant is taken by another thought.

ON THE HILLSIDE,

Grant races up to the dig as the helicopter circles. The prop wash is blowing dirt and sand everywhere, filling in everything they've dug out, blowing the protective canvasses off.

Grant tries desperately to pull the canvasses back down, to protect their work. He looks up at the helicopter and SHOUTS, shaking his fist.

GRANT
LUNATIC!

BACK DOWN AT THE CAMP,

the helicopter has landed, and its propellers are stopping. The VOLUNTEERS are all gathered around it, talking among themselves.

Grant comes down from the mountaintop like Moses, steaming.

GRANT
Who's responsible?! Where is he?!

Everyone sort of backs away from Grant. One Volunteer points timidly to a mobile home across the camp.

VOLUNTEER
In the trailer.

Grant turns and stalks off toward the trailer.

INT   TRAILER   NIGHT

The trailer ~~is~~ serves as the dig's ~~official~~ office, ~~if there is one.~~ There are several long wooden tables set up, every inch covered with bone specimens that are neatly laid out, tagged, and labeled. Farther along are ceramic dishes and crocks, soaking other bones in acid and vinegar.

There's old, dusty furniture at one end of the trailer, and a refrigerator. A Man roots around in the refrigerator, his back to us, GRUMBLING about the contents, which are mostly beer. His hands fall across a bottle of expensive champagne in the back.

MAN
Ah hah!

He pulls it out, POPS the cork and takes a deep swig, right out of the bottle.

The door to the trailer SLAPS open and GRANT storms in. He stares incredulously at the Man, whose back is still turned, drinking his champagne without an invitation.

GRANT
Hey! We were saving that!

The Man turns around. ~~[illegible]~~ JOHN HAMMOND, 70ish, describe. He finishes his swig of champagne and wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

HAMMOND
For today, I guarantee it.

GRANT
Who in God's name do you think you --

HAMMOND
John Hammond. Great to finally meet you in person, Dr. Grant.

Grant is struck silent. He shakes hands, staring dumbly.

GRANT
Mr. -- Hammond?

Hammond looks around the trailer approvingly, at the enormous amount of work the bones represent.

HAMMOND
I can see my thirty thousand a year has been well spent.

The door SLAPS open again and ELLIE comes in, just as pissed off as Grant was.

ELLIE
Okay -- who's the jerk?

GRANT
Uh -- Dr. Ellie Sattler, John Hammond.
(in case she doesn't get it)
John Hammond.

Ellie thinks for a second.

ELLIE
Did I say jerk?

HAMMOND
Sorry for the dramatic entrance, but I'm in a hurry. Drink?

He offers her the bottle of champagne. She takes it, unsure what else to do.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Don't let it get warm!
(expansively)
Come on in, both of you. Sit down.

They follow him into their own trailer and sit down in the dusty furniture at one end. They look at each other, taken aback by this guy's style.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Dr. Sattler, I understand you're a paleobotanist.

ELLIE
That's right.

Good for you.

HAMMOND
I'll get right to the point. I like you. Both of you. I can tell instantly with people; it's a gift.

ELLIE
Congratulations.

HAMMOND
(smiling, pointing at her)
I like that. I own an island.

GRANT
I'm not sure I'm following this

conversation.

HAMMOND
Off the coast of Costa Rica. Leased it from the government. Spent the last five years setting up a kind of biological preserve down there. Really spectacular. You have no idea. We'll be opening next year. That is, if the lawyers don't kill me first. I hate lawyers. You?

GRANT
I, uh -- don't really know any.

HAMMOND
Well, I'm afraid I do. There's one, a real pain-in-the-ass guy, represents my investors. Says I've been "uncommunicative" and "uncooperative." Says they insist on an inspection. Outside professional opinions.

before releasing any more funds.

ELLIE
What kind of opinions?

HAMMOND
Your kind. Let's face it, in your fields, I am speaking to the top two minds. Why don't you both come on down, spend a few days with us? I've got a jet standing by at Choteau.

GRANT
I don't know. We've just discovered a new skeleton, and --

HAMMOND
At our usual consultant's fee of twenty thousand per day, of course.

GRANT
-- this would be an awfully unusual time for us to --

HAMMOND
Each.

GRANT
-- leave the dig for any --

He OOFS as Ellie elbows him in the ribs. Hard.

EXT TRAILER NIGHT

~~[illegible]~~

ELLIE drags GRANT out the door of the trailer. She speaks in a harsh whisper, as Hammond is still inside, trying to control herself.

ELLIE
~~Alan, you are a wonderful paleontologist --~~

GRANT
~~Ellie, is~~ this really ~~the time to --~~

~~ELLIE~~
~~-- and a complete idiot with money.~~
money
Eighty thousand is enough for two full summers of work here!

G
He's a complete flake! ~~we~~ I don't even know what he's talking about!
E
Who cares?!

GRANT
(it sinks in)
I'll go.

He heads back inside. She grabs him by the arm.

ELLIE
We'll go.

CUT TO:

EXT CHOATE AIRFIELD NIGHT

An executive jet waits on a private airfield.

INT AIRPLANE NIGHT

HAMMOND, GRANT and ELLIE climb aboard the tiny private jet and find seats. Hammond still has the bottle of champagne dangling from one hand.

Another man is aboard, DONALD GENNARO, the lawyer we saw earlier, at the amber mine. He's wearing brand new Banana Republic safari wear, still with the package lines in it.

describe

HAMMOND
Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler, this is Donald Gennaro, the pain-in-the-ass I told you about.

GRANT
How are you?

GENNARO
An honor to meet you both. I'm looking forward to hearing your opinions on the island.

move

Gennaro can't help but look Ellie up and down. Grant got jealous, but he seems to have not even noticed.

notices, but looks away. Ellie looks to Grant, to see if he ~~noticed, but assumes he didn't.~~

to here →

Hammond reaches over and pulls the price tag out of the back of Gennaro's jacket with a SNAP. ~~He checks the price and tosses it out.~~ Gennaro gives him a dirty look.

GENNARO (cont.)
(to Grant and Ellie)
Oh, and don't worry -- it's completely safe.

Grant and Ellie exchange a look.

~~It's [illegible] a little strange -- that we [illegible]~~

ELLIE
~~Uh, w~~What exactly is the nature of the island?

You know, we still don't know what's going on.

HAMMOND
Can't tell you now.

GRANT
Why not?

Hammond drains the last of the bottle of champagne and tosses it into a garbage can. He sits back, and his twinkly eyes were never twinklier.

HAMMOND
Because then it wouldn't be a surprise.

The ~~jet~~ engines SCREAM to life.

"Donald -- they didn't ask."

CUT TO:

EXT COSTA RICAN STREET DAY

A bus ROARS by a cafe in San Juan, the capitol of Costa Rica. LOUIS DODGSON, fiftyish, wearing a large straw hat and looking almost too much like an American tourist, walks quickly down the sidewalk, clutching an attache case close to him. Dodgson is sweating already in the morning sun.

Another legend!

SAN JUAN, COSTA RICA.

Dodgson ducks into the cafe.

INT CAFE DAY

DENNIS NEDRY is in his late thirties, a big guy with a constant smile that could either be laughing with you or at you, you can never tell. He sits at a table in the back of the cafe, eating a steak with fried eggs and drinking a beer.

He spots DODGSON in the doorway to the cafe, looking around. He laughs, shakes his head, and waves to him.

NEDRY

Dodgson!

Dodgson's head snaps and he hurries over to the table.

DODGSON

(as he sits)

You shouldn't use my name.

NEDRY

Dodgson, Dodgson, Dodgson.

(loud)

Hey, we got Dodgson over here! See, nobody cares. Nice hat. What are you supposed to be, a secret agent or something?

Dodgson sets his attache case down next to the table and slides it towards Nedry.

DODGSON

Seven hundred fifty thousand dollars.

Nedry smiles and pushes his plate away. He reaches down and pulls the attache closer to him.

DODGSON (cont.)

On delivery, fifty thousand more for each viable embryo. That's a million five, total, if you get all fifteen species off the island.

NEDRY

I'll get 'em all.

DODGSON

Remember -- viable embryos. They're no use to us if they don't survive.

NEDRY

How am I supposed to transport them?

Dodgson pulls a Gillette Foamy shaving cream can from a shoulder bag he carries and sets it on the table in front of him.

DODGSON

The bottom slides open; it's cooled and compartmentalized inside. They can even check it if they like. Press the top.

Nedry presses the top of the can and real shaving cream comes out. He grins, impressed.

DODGSON (cont.)
There's enough coolant gas for thirty-six hours. The embryos have to be back here in San Juan by then.

NEDRY
That's up to your guy on the boat. Seven o'clock tomorrow night. At the east dock, not the main berth. Make sure he's got it right.

DODGSON
How will you beat the security?

NEDRY
I got an eighteen minute window. Eighteen minutes -- Hammond gets what's coming to him and your company catches up on ten years of research.

DODGSON
We look at it as healthy competition.

You do.
NEDRY
Sure/ Survival of the fittest, right?

Dodgson watches Nedry eat, a distasteful look on his face. He takes a napkin and hands it to Nedry pointedly.

Nedry looks at him, hate in his eyes, as he accepts the napkin.

D
Survival of the fittest.

CUT TO:

EXT OPEN SEA DAY

A helicopter skims low over the shimmering Pacific.

INT HELICOPTER DAY

GRANT, ELLIE, and GENNARO are huddled in the back of the chopper, looking a little the worse for wear for their long trip. Gennaro looks downright ill. HAMMOND ~~shouts~~ to them from the front.

The accomodations could be a bit Spartan!

HAMMOND
Our guest lodge won't be completed until next June! But tents are more romantic, don't you think?!

He looks at Grant, ~~waiting for an answer~~, but ~~not getting one.~~ Ellie ~~leans in and shouts~~
answers for him.

ELLIE
He wouldn't know!

Grant gives her a dirty look.

HAMMOND
There it is!

The three of them twist in their seats to look out the front window of the helicopter. Up ahead, they see it.

Isla Nublar.

It's a smallish island, ~~from this distance,~~ completely ringed by thick clouds that give it a lush, mysterious feel. The PILOT pulls up and hovers over a spot in the clouds. Hammond nods to him and the helicopter starts to descend, fast, straight down.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Bad wind shears! We have to drop pretty fast! Hold on, this can be a little thrilling!

The helicopter drops like a stone. Outside the windows, they can see cliff walls racing by, uncomfortably close. They bounce like hell, hitting wild up and downdrafts. Only Hammond still feels chatty.

HAMMOND (cont.)
We're planning an airstrip! On pilings, extending out into the ocean, like Laguardia! Hell of an idea, don't you think?!

They don't answer, just hold on. As they near the ground, a luminous white cross appears below them, shining through the plexiglass bubble in the floor of the chopper.

The cross grows rapidly larger as the chopper plummets, but a sudden updraft catches them and they bounce skyward for a moment, then drop again, even faster if possible, before landing with a hard BUMP.

Silence for a moment as the Pilot kills the rotors.

BANG! The helicopter door is jerked open from outside. They all jump back, startled, as a man sticks his head into the chopper.

MAN
Hi! ~~I'm~~

describe

The man is ED REGIS, and if we look closely, we recognize him as the man who brought the injured worker into the emergency room in Costa Rica. He grins at the startled scientists.

REGIS (cont.)
I'm Ed. Welcome to Jurassic Park.

EXT HILLTOP DAY

A large, open-top jeep ROARS down the hilltop away from the landing cross as the helicopter engine WHINES back to life and the rotors start to spin again.

ELLIE, GRANT, and GENNARO hold on tight in the back of the jeep. REGIS and HAMMOND are in front. ~~Gennaro notices~~ Enormous wire mesh fences ~~that~~ separate the road from the jungle on both sides. There are large electrical insulators, ok→ ~~every few feet on the fe~~nce, warning lights that strobe importantly, and very clear signs ~~every few feet~~ -- "ELECTRIFIED FENCE! 10,000 VOLTS!"

Gennaro leans over Hammond's shoulder and speaks quietly.

GENNARO
And it's completely safe?

/

HAMMOND
Hell, yes! We've got almost fifty miles of fence throughout the island! And the larger attractions are surrounded by moats, thirty feet deep! We know what we're doing! Get out of the way, Donald.

He shoves him aside, to get a clear view of Grant and Ellie. He's grinning from ear to ear.

Q I wish I knew what the hell was going on.
E ~~[illegible]~~ You have to let life wash over you.

GRANT
What are you staring at?

HAMMOND
Your face. I wouldn't miss this for the world.

As they reach a flat area and pick up a packed dirt road, Ellie stares off to the right, fascinated by the thick tropical plant life around them. She tilts her head, as if something's wrong with this picture.

She reaches out and grabs hold of a leafy branch as they drive by, TEARING it from the tree. She stares at it, amazed, running her hand lightly over it.

ELLIE
Alan --

But Grant's not paying attention, as he's staring off too, out the other side of the jeep. As the jeep bounces along down the narrow path, tree trunks whiz by on the other side of a wide moat of some kind.

Grant notices several of the tree trunks are leafless -- just as thick as the other trees, but gray and bare.

Hammond, watching Grant, signals to Regis, who slows the jeep.

ELLIE (cont.)
(still staring
at the leaf)
This shouldn't be here.

Grant twists in his seat as the jeep stops and looks at one of the gray tree trunks. He starts to raise his head, looking up the length of the trunk. He looks higher.

And higher.

And higher.

That's no tree trunk. That's a leg. Grant's jaw drops, his head falls all the way back, and he looks up even higher, above the tree line.

As he watches, several of the top branches are suddenly RIPPED away, leaving a clear space in the tree that clearly reveals --

-- a dinosaur. Chewing the branches.

Technically, it's a brachiosaur, of the sauropod family, but to us it's always been brontosaurus. It CRUNCHES the branches in its mouth, which is some thirty-five feet up off the ground, at the end of its long, arching neck. It looks somewhat like an oversized giraffe, staring down at the people in the car with a pleasant, stupid gaze.

ELLIE (cont.)
(still looking
at the leaf)
This species of veriforman has been
extinct for --

Grant, never tearing his eyes from the brontosaur, reaches over and grabs Ellie's head, turning it to face the animal.

She sees it, and drops the leaf.

ELLIE (cont.)
Oh -- my -- God.

Gennaro, who is sitting in the back seat of the jeep, just opens and closes his mouth, unable to form words.

Hammond looks like a proud parent showing off the kid.

HAMMOND
You want to go pet it?

Grant, riveted, has slowly been standing up in his seat, as if to get closer, and now he is up on top of the bench, practically on his tiptoes, just transfixed by the thing.

He lets out one long, sharp HAH! -- like a combination laugh and shout of joy.

The noise startles the bronto, which turns its head sharply. Quickly, FIVE OTHER HEADS pop up all around it, one after the other, above the tree line.

Grant makes a loud, unintelligible noise and stumbles back, falling off the back of the jeep and flat on his back in the road.

~~Finally, Gennaro is able to speak, and his words are hushed, like a man voicing a wish come true.~~

GENNARO
(hushed)
We are going to make a fortune with this place. A fortune!

Ed Regis turns around and smiles.

REGIS
You bet your ass we are.

The bronto, apparently feeling no danger from these little creatures, stretches its enormous neck out, across the moat, right in front of the jeep, across the road, and takes a bite out of a particularly lush tree on the other side.

It withdraws, dribbling huge hunks of tree branch on the hood of the jeep. Ellie leaps out and runs across the road, following the head as it pulls back. Her face is lit up in abject wonder.

Grant scrambles to his feet, points at the bronto, and manages to put together his first words since its appearance.

GRANT
THAT'S A DINOSAUR!

Ellie is at the edge of the moat, leaning against a railing, looking up at the sauropods in wonder. They're pretty light on their feet, a far cry from the sluggish, lumbering brutes we would have expected.

ELLIE
(to Hammond)
How many people know about this?!

HAMMOND
A few dozen consultants, around the world. Most know their part of the story, but not the whole picture.

ELLIE
Look at the movement, Alan! Look at the agility! You were right!

Grant joins her, and the two of them talk a mile a minute, right on top of each other.

GRANT
I was! I am! Look at 'em! Look at 'em! This is like a knockout punch for warm-bloodedness, we can just tear up the --

ELLIE
God, I'd love to drag Aaron Mitchell's sorry ass down here from Yale and watch him eat every one of those smug theories he tried to shove down --

GRANT
Look at that! That thing's got a what, fourteen, fifteen foot neck -- ?

HAMMOND
(proudly)
The brachiosaur? Eighteen.

GRANT
-- and you're going to sit there and try to tell me it can push blood up an eighteen foot neck without a four-chambered heart and get around like that?! Like that!?
(to Hammond)
Those suckers are fast, aren't they?!

HAMMOND
(proudly)
We clocked the T-rex at forty-two miles an hour.

GRANT
I knew it!

ELLIE
You've got a T-rex!?
(to Grant)
He's got a T-rex!

Grant rushes over to the jeep and grabs Hammond by the lapels.

GRANT
Let's go look at it!

HAMMOND
(laughing)
Relax, there'll be plenty of time
this afternoon.

GRANT
How did you do it?! How?!

HAMMOND
Come on, I'll show you. We should
get on to the visitor's center anyway.

GRANT & ELLIE
No!

Ellie grabs on to the railing, and she's like a little kid.

ELLIE
I want to see more dinosaurs!

HAMMOND
You've come to the right place.

G
We are safe,
right?

EXT PARK ROAD DAY

The jeep ROARS off down the road. REGIS and HAMMOND are in front, GENNARO, GRANT and ELLIE are in back, staring out in unabashed fascination.

As they zip down the park road, they come up over the crest of a hill, which affords them a~~n incredible~~ view of a large section of the park. It's a beautiful vista, reminiscent of an African plain, with long, waving grasses, plentiful watering holes, and most of all -- dinosaurs.

There are herds of them, maybe a hundred that we can see in one quick glance alone, foraging, drinking, frolicking.

Grant shakes his head in absolute amazement, just drinking it all in.

CUT TO:

EXT MAIN COMPOUND DAY

The main compound of Jurassic Park is the size of a football field, with three main structures connected by walkways and entirely surrounded by two impressive fences, the outer fence being almost fifteen feet high. Outside the fences, the jungle has been encouraged to grow naturally.

The largest building is the visitor's center, several stories tall, still unfinished. It's a modern-looking thing, all glass and girder, except most of the glass hasn't been hung yet, and the walls are plastic sheets, where they're there at all.

The second building is completely finished. ~~[illegible]~~ It looks like a private residence, a compound unto itself, with smoked windows and its own ~~surrounding~~ fence.

The third structure isn't really a building at all, but more of a holding pen of some kind. Its latticework borders look well-fortified, but for what we have no idea, as the inside of the pen is overgrown with thick jungle foliage.

¶ The open-topped jeep pulls up in front of the visitor's center.

INT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY

The lobby of the still-unfinished visitor's center is a high-ceilinged place, and has to be to house its central feature, a large skeleton of a Tyrannosaurus that is attacking a bellowing sauropod. A staircase climbs the far wall, to what looks like another wing.

HAMMOND and REGIS lead GRANT, ELLIE and GENNARO through the lobby. √talks~~ing~~ as he goes.

Hammond

HAMMOND
(continuing)
-- the most advanced amusement park in the world, combining the latest electronic and biological technologies. I'm not talking about just rides. Everybody has rides. Coney Island has rides. We made living biological attractions so astonishing they'll capture the imagination of the entire world!
~~Come on, keep up!~~

Grant stares up at the dinosaur skeletons, chuckles to himself, and shakes his head. Ellie catches his reaction.

ELLIE
What are you thinking?

GRANT

That we're out of a job.

H
— Come on! Keep up!

CUT TO:

INT SHOW ROOM DAY

GENNARO, GRANT, and ELLIE ~~are~~ and [illegible] seated ~~in three [illegible]~~ in the front row of a fifty seat ~~pre-show room.~~ The seats are big, with safety bars that can be pulled down into place, like in an amusement park. HAMMOND is on stage in front of them.

HAMMOND
The tour guests will all start here, in the pre-show room.

Behind him, a curtain rises, and a huge image of himself beams down at him from a giant television screen.

HAMMOND
(screen)
Hello, John!

HAMMOND
(stage)
Oh, shit, I've got lines.

He fumbles in his pocket for a three by five note card and scans it, looking for his place. The screen Hammond continues without him.

HAMMOND
(screen)
Fine, I guess! ~~Hey~~ But how did I get here?!

HAMMOND
(stage)
Uh --
(finding his place)
"Here, let me show you. First, I'll need a drop of blood. Your blood!"

The screen-Hammond extends his finger and the stage-Hammond reaches out and mimes poking it with a needle.

HAMMOND
(screen)
Ouch! That hurts, John!

HAMMOND
(stage)
"Relax, John. It's all part of the miracle of cloning!"

While the two Hammonds rattle on, the screen image splits into two Hammonds, then four, then eight, and so on, like a shampoo commercial. Grant and Ellie huddle together excitedly in the audience.

Cloning from what?..

GRANT
Loy extraction has never recreated
a full strand of DNA.

ELLIE ~~What about the~~
Paleo-DNA, then? ~~There's no source
for that.~~

G (shakes his head)
There'd be too many sequence gaps.

GENNARO
Shhhhh!

UP ON SCREEN,

the screen-Hammond has been joined by another figure, this one animated. MR. DNA is a cartoon character, a happy-go-lucky double-helix strand of recombinant DNA.

IN THE FILM,

Mr. DNA jumps down onto the screen-Hammond's head and slides down his nose.

HAMMOND
Hey! Mr. DNA! Where'd you come
from?

MR. DNA
From your blood! Just one drop
of your blood contains billions
of strands of DNA, the building
blocks of life, mon!

IN THE AUDIENCE,

the silhouette of Ellie leans over to the silhouette of Gennaro while Mr. DNA continues his speech.

ELLIE
Why is Mr. DNA Jamaican?

GENNARO
Kids love Jamaicans.

IN THE FILM,

Mr. DNA has taken over the show, and is speaking to the audience from the screen.

MR. DNA
A DNA strand like me is a blueprint
for building a living thing! And

sometimes animals that went extinct
millions of years ago, like dinosaurs,
left their blueprints behind for us
to find! We just had to know where
to look!

The screen image changes from animated to a nature-photography look. It's an extreme close-up of a mosquito, its fangs sunk deep into some animal's flesh, its body pulsing and engorging with the blood it's drinking.

MR. DNA (cont.)
A hundred million years ago, there
were mosquitoes, just like today.
And, just like today, they fed on
the blood of animals. Even dinosaurs!

The camera races back to show the mosquito is perched on top of a giant animated brontosaurus.

The image changes, to another close-up, this one of a tree branch, its bark glistening with golden sap. Mr. DNA leaps onto the sap.

MR. DNA (cont.)
Sometimes, after biting a dinosaur,
the mosquito would land on the branch
of a tree, and get stuck in the sap!

The engorged mosquito lands in the tree sap, and gets stuck. So is Mr. DNA. He tugs at his legs, but they stay stuck, and he starts to unravel.

MR. DNA (cont.)
WOAH!

Mr. DNA pulls free, but the mosquito does not. Now more tree sap flows over the insect, covering it completely.

MR. DNA (cont.)
After a long time, the tree sap
would get hard, and become fossilized,
preserving the mosquito inside, just
like a dinosaur bone!

A SCIENCE LABORATORY

buzzes with activity. Everywhere, there are piles of amber, tagged and labeled, with SCIENTISTS in white coats examining it under microscopes. Mr. DNA bounces across the benches.

MR. DNA
This fossilized tree sap—which we call amber.— ~~Now called amber, the tree sap~~ waited
for millions of years. ~~so~~ Until we
came along!

Mr. DNA looks through the eyepiece of a microscope.

THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE,

we see the greatly enlarged image of a mosquito through the lens.

MR. DNA (o.s.)
Using sophisticated techniques, our scientists extract the fossilized blood from the mosquito, and --

A long needle is inserted through the amber, into the thorax of the mosquito, and makes an extraction.

MR. DNA (cont.)
-- Bingo! Dino DNA!

ON THE SCREEN,

DNA data race by at headache speed (see appendix A), nothing but a blur. Mr. DNA jumps down in front of the data as it flashes past in the background.

MR. DNA (cont.)
A full DNA strand contains three billion genetic codes! If we looked at screens like these once a second for eight hours a day, it'd take two years to look at the entire DNA strand! But our Cray supercomputers and gene sequencers take only minutes to break it down! And that's only the beginning of what we can do! ~~Wait'll you see this!~~ Let's look at the labs!

IN THE AUDIENCE,

Gennaro bursts into spontaneous applause. Grant and Ellie look at each other, not so sure. But there's no time to discuss it, as the safety bars on their seats drop over them, CLICK into place, and the whole first row of seats starts to move.

GRANT
Hey!

HAMMOND
Relax! It's part of the tour!

Grant and Ellie sit back as the row of seats moves out of the auditorium, through automatic doors, and into the hallway.

INT HALLWAY DAY

The row of seats moves slowly past a row of double-paned glass windows. On the other side of the first windows, which are beneath a large sign that reads "FERTILIZATION," TECHNICIANS work at microscopes. In the back is a section entirely lit by blue ultraviolet light.

Mr. DNA's VOICE continues over a speaker in each seat.

MR. DNA (o.s.)
Our fertilization department is
where the dinosaur DNA takes the
place of the DNA in unfertilized
crocodile ova --

GRANT and ELLIE lean forward, straining against the safety bars to see closer into the laboratory. But the~~y~~ bars don't budge, and the cars keep moving, frustrating the hell out of them.

The cars reach another set of windows, these under a sign identifying the ~~room as the~~ "HATCHERY."

MR. DNA (cont.)
-- and then it's on to our hatchery,
where the action really starts!

Grant's had enough. He slithers out from underneath the safety bar, runs across the other empty seats, and heads for the door of the hatchery.

GENNARO
Hey! You can't do that!

Too late. Ellie follows suit, stomping right across Gennaro's seat.

GENNARO (cont.)
Come on, you guys!

INT HATCHERY DAY

The hatchery is a vast, open room, bathed in infrared light. Long tables run the length of the place, all covered with eggs, their pale outlines obscured by the hissing low mist that coves the tables. The eggs move gently, rocking.

GRANT comes into the room, ELLIE not far behind. They walk slowly among the tables, fascinated.

HENRY WU, fortyish, Asian-American, comes from the back of the room.

WU
Can I help you?

HAMMOND and GENNARO come through the door, not far behind Grant and Ellie.

HAMMOND
It's all right, Henry. This is
Henry Wu, our chief genetecist.

GRANT
(going right to the eggs)
These are artificial.

HAMMOND
That's right. The embryos are
mechanically inserted, and then
hatched here. Henry's produced
two hundred thirty-eight animals
this way.

GENNARO
Fantastic.

Grant has picked up a card from one of the benches, with a series of letters and numbers on it.

GRANT
What's this code mean?

WU
Well, normally that would identify
the species being grown, but with
that strand we're not sure yet. We
think it's going to be a coelurosaurus.
A small herbivore, if I remember.
It's hard for me to keep track of
the names.

GRANT
You mean the computers don't tell
you what animal the DNA encodes?

WU
Usually not. We tried phylogenetic
mapping, but that took too long.

ELLIE
So how do you determine species?

Wu smiles and gestures around the hatchery.

WU
We just grow 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT   MAIN COMPOUND   DAY

HAMMOND leads GENNARO, GRANT and ELLIE across the compound, toward the visitor's center. Gennaro is at the front with Hammond, with one arm draped around his shoulders. He has become increasingly friendly with Hammond, even giddy.

GENNARO
It's brilliant, John. Brilliant. I was even ~~prepared~~ for it, and I was unprepared.

HAMMOND
We've set up a little lunch in the visitor's center, and then we'll head out into the park. Sound good, doctors?

But Grant and Ellie don't answer, as they've stopped and are staring at something.

~~GRANT~~
~~What are they doing?~~

Hammond turns. They're looking at the latticework structure that stands at one side of the compound. A giant crane is lowering something large into the middle of the jungle foliage inside the pen. Something very large.

It's a cow. The poor thing looks disconcerted as hell, helpless in its harness, flailing its legs in the air.

G
what are they doing?

HAMMOND
In that particular pen? I believe they're feeding the velociraptors.

Grant and Ellie just look at each other, then turn slowly and look at Hammond.

GRANT
You bred raptors?

HAMMOND
Just three.
(to Gennaro)
Just three.

GENNARO
Something wrong with raptors?

HAMMOND
Not a thing. They're fascinating animals. Fascinating. Come on.

He turns to leave, but the others stay~~s~~ rooted to the spot, staring as the cow disappears into the shroud of foliage.

The line from the crane hangs slack for a moment.

The jungle seems to grow very quiet. They all stare, raptly, from the edge of the pen, looking at the crane line. Suddenly it jerks, like a fishing line that finally gets a nibble.

There's a pause --

-- and then a frenzy. The line jerks every which way, the jungle plants sway and SNAP from some frantic activity within, there is a cacophony of GROWLING, SNAPPING, of wet CRUNCHES that mean the cow is literally being torn to pieces and it almost makes it worse that we can't see anything of what's going on --

-- and then it's quiet again. The line jerks a few more times, then stops. Slowly the SOUNDS of the jungle start up again.

ELLIE
Jesus.

HAMMOND
Pretty impressive, huh? Give 'em time, they're going to outdraw the T-rex. I guarantee it.

A VOICE comes from behind them.

VOICE (o.s.)
They should all be destroyed.

They turn and look at the man who spoke. ROBERT MULDOON, fortyish, African, stands a little behind them, hands in his pockets, hat shoved back on his head. When Muldoon talks, you listen. Hammond sighs and shakes his head.

HAMMOND
Robert Muldoon is our animal expert.
From Nairobi. ~~He's our great --~~
~~(pause)~~
~~-- hunter.~~

~~MULDOON~~
~~(grins)~~
~~Drives him crazy he can't say "Great White Hunter."~~

GENNARO
You think the raptors are a problem, Mr. Muldoon?

HAMMOND
Don't get him started.

MULDOON
They're too smart for their own good. I say we lob a couple hand grenades in there, bury the corpses, and destroy the rest of the embryos.

HAMMOND
Thanks for your opinion, Robert. You're a ray of sunshine, as always.

GENNARO
(to Hammond)
Have you had problems with them? ~~or not~~.

HAMMOND
We -- haven't yet found a suitable way to integrate them into the park setting.

GENNARO
~~GRANT~~
What does that mean?

HAMMOND
Okay, yes, we've had a little delay with the raptors. But what major park hasn't had delays? Hell, nothing worked when Disneyland opened in '56.

MULDOON
Sure. But if the Pirates of the Caribbean breaks down, the pirates don't eat the tourists.

HAMMOND
(annoyed as hell)
Robert -- we have guests.

Behind them, the crane WHIRRS back to life, raising its cable back up out of the raptor pen. The guests turn and stare as the end portion of the cable becomes visible. Only fragments of the cow's skeleton remain, the flesh torn from it in a ~~matter of seconds.~~

~~Gennaro looks at the steel cage.~~

GENNARO
Let's get one thing straight,
~~[illegible] right?~~

Hammond claps his hands together excitedly.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Who's hungry?

CUT TO:

INT VISITOR'S CENTER LOBBY DAY

HAMMOND, GRANT, ELLIE, GENNARO and ED REGIS are eating lunch at a long wooden table that is set up in the lobby of the still-unfinished visitor's center.

The lights have been dimmed, and Hammond is showing slides on a screen that has been set up at one end of the table. The slides he shows are artist's renderings of future features of the island. He narrates while the slides click past.

HAMMOND
(continuing)
-- the Jungle River Cruise, where the boats follow tracks underwater. And ~~T~~he Aviary Lodge Ride. None of these are ready yet. The park will open with the basic tour you're about to take. The other rides will come on line six, twelve months after that.

Grant looks at Ellie, strangely morose. She looks back, the same mood.

Ed Regis pipes up.

REGIS
And we can charge anything we want. Two grand a day, ten grand a day -- people will pay it! And then there's the merchandising --

HAMMOND
(shut up, Ed)
Thank you, Ed.

Grant looks down, at the plate he's eating off of. It's in the shape of a stegosaurus, right down to the spiky tail. He Ellie looks at her drinking cup. It's got a T-rex on it, and a splashy Jurassic Park logo.

~~H~~She leans over and whispers in ~~Ellie's~~ Grant's ear.

~~GRANT~~ Ellie
Is all of this starting to disturb you?

~~ELLIE~~ GRANT
(whispering back)
Deeply.

Hammond continues, at the front.

HAMMOND

But none of that is to diminish our incredible scientific accomplishment -- the flawless re-creation of an extinct natural system!

Grant

~~Ellie~~ looks like she's finally had enough.

~~ELLIE~~ ~~GRANT~~ ELLIE

Hold it, hold it, hold it. Let's get something straight here. You haven't re-created anything. You've re-constructed your general ~~idea~~ of a system ~~you know~~ next to nothing ~~about.~~ Don't you see the danger inherent in ~~that?~~ what you've done? Hell, man can barely operate within our present natural system without wrecking it, what makes you think ~~-- those~~ plants, on the road on the way in. Did you know they're poisonous?

well, of course it does.

~~what you've~~ done.

Ellie

H
What's the matter with you?

G
Hold on -- let her talk. This isn't just a pleasure trip, John. I'm delighted with the park, but it ~~is~~ represents ~~its~~ an unreasonable security risk --

Hammond ~~and Regis look at each other.~~ looks at Regis.

HAMMOND
~~Uh~~ Well? Did we?

E
uh -- I can look onto --

G

ELLIE
~~ELLIE~~

No, you didn't. You picked them because they're pretty, but those are aggressive living things you know nothing about. And your genetecist -- he can't even be bothered to learn the names of the animals he's creating, much less what they are. ~~How long before we learn?~~ How many times must the point be made? We build the Aswan Dam and claim it will revitalize the country. Instead, it destroys the Nile Delta, produces parasitic infection, and wrecks the Egyptian economy. [illegible]

Grant

Grant

HAMMOND
Dr. ~~Grant~~ Sattler, help me here.

~~GRANT~~ ELLIE
~~Grant~~

~~Sorry. She may be on a soapbox, but I~~ happen to agree. And I'm as worried about the dinosaurs as anything else. This isn't their world any more. The air is different, the earth is different, even the oxygen levels are different. I believe, and ~~others~~ there's a group of us, that dinosaurs ~~evolve~~ didn't die out, they evolved into birds. If so, we have to ask "why?" Maybe they knew what they were doing.

Alan's on a soapbox as usual, but

H
We can take care of them.
G
can you?

You mention

HAMMOND
Believe me, we've thought of all
of those things and we compensated
for them where we could.

Maybe. GRANT ~~Ellie~~
But there's one massive difference
you can never do anything about.

HAMMOND
What?

~~GRANT~~ ~~Ellie~~
We're here. Man. Two species
separated by sixty-five million
years of evolution have been suddenly
thrown back into the mix together --

He leans forward.

GRANT (cont.)
-- how can we have the faintest idea
what to expect?

HAMMOND
My God, I picked you two to come
down here and defend me against
him!
(gestures to Gennaro)
You're supposed to be dinosaur nuts!

ELLIE
We are. Are you?

GENNARO
Okay, wait a second, everybody.
(to Grant and Ellie)
What -- specifically, now -- are
your concerns?

Outside, a horn HONKS as a car pulls up in front. Hammond leaps to his feet, eager to get out of there, and steps across the lobby.

HAMMOND
Good, that's the jeep. You three
don't mind a little company out in
the park, do you? I wanted to combine
a little market research with the
science.

GRANT
What kind of company?

Hammond stops in the middle of the lobby and drops to one knee, throwing his arms out expansively.

HAMMOND
(bellowing)
KIDS!!

In the doorway, two kids break into broad smiles. TIM, the boy, is about nine years old; ALEXIS, his sister, looks around twelve. They race forward across the lobby floor.

TIM & LEXIS
Grandpa!

CUT TO:

EXT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY

Two large blue Land Rovers leap up out of an underground garage beneath the visitor's center. They move quietly, with a faint electronic HUM, and straddle a partially buried metal rail in the middle of the road. They pull to a stop where the group is gathered.

ED REGIS stands off to the side with TIM and ALEXIS while HAMMOND has a hushed conversation with GRANT, GENNARO, and ELLIE.

Grant seems to be leading the conversation.

GRANT
This is a serious scientific inquiry, not recess. We don't even know if this place is safe, much less --

HAMMOND
Well, of course it's safe! You think I'd send my own --

GENNARO
I have to agree with Dr. Grant. Put them back on the helicopter.

HAMMOND
Can't. It's already gone, back to the mainland.

G
Put them on
the boat,
then.

+
Oh, come on.
The boat's
packed with
staff going
home for
the weekend

GRANT
I can't work with a couple of kids tagging along.

HAMMOND
(annoyed as hell)
All right, if it's unanimous, I'll agree. Dr. Sattler, it's up to you.

Ellie looks from the children to Grant.

ELLIE
Let 'em come.

GRANT
(trying to keep
this private)
Ellie, come on. You're just doing
this to make a point.

ELLIE
You're right.

She turns and goes to the kids, introducing herself warmly.

HAMMOND
Have a heart, gentlemen. Their
parents are getting a divorce, and
they need the diversion.

He turns and heads back toward the visitor's center.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Good luck!

A sudden look of concern crosses Gennaro's face.

GENNARO
~~Good luck?~~ We're not the first ones
to take this tour, are we?

HAMMOND
~~([illegible])~~
The first?! To take the tour?!
Good God, no! (yes)

Chuckling to himself, he heads back into the building.

Gennaro looks at Grant and heaves a sigh of relief.

GENNARO
Thought we might be in trouble for
a second there.

The two Kids have wandered over to Grant and are staring up at him. He looks down. They make him terribly uncomfortable.

GRANT
Can I help you?

LEX
Are you really scared of me 'cause
I'm a girl?

(points at Ellie)
That's what she said.

Grant looks over at Ellie, annoyed.

GRANT
She's a deeply neurotic woman.

LEX
What?

GRANT
So, uh -- you guys travel abroad
much?

TIM
What?

Grant sighs.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

The Jurassic Park control room looks like Mission Control for a space launch, with several computer terminals and dozens of video screens that display images of various dinosaurs, taken from all over the park. There's a large glass map of the island at the front of the room that is lit up like a Christmas tree with various colored lights, each one with a number and identification code next to it.

But the place is unfinished, with unattached cables and construction materials and scaffolding scattered about. The mood among the half dozen TECHNICIANS present is a bit chaotic, rushing around with last-minute adjustments.

HAMMOND whisks in through the double doors and goes straight to the main console, where JOHN ARNOLD, mid-forties, thin, pale, a chain-smoker, is seated.

ARNOLD
You tell 'em they're the first?

HAMMOND
Hah! I never would have heard the
end of that. Bunch of worriers.

ARNOLD
Okay, hold your breath. Starting
Land Rovers -- now.

He punches a button on his console.

CUT TO:

EXT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY

With a loud CHUNK, the Land Rovers start forward along the electrical pathway. REGIS, TIM, and ALEXIS are in the front vehicle; GRANT, ELLIE and GENNARO in the rear.

They head off, down a narrow road that seems to run right into the heart of the jungle and plains.

They head into Jurassic Park.

IN THE REAR CAR,

The Land Rover's speakers BLARE with a fanfare of trumpets, and the interior video screens flash "Welcome to Jurassic Park." A sonorous VOICE intones over the speakers:

VOICE (o.s.)
Welcome to Jurassic Park. You are now entering the lost world of the prehistoric past, a world of mighty creatures long gone from the face of the earth, which you are privileged to see for the first time.

IN THE LEAD CAR,

Regis picks up a hand microphone from the dashboard radio.

REGIS
(proudly)
That's the guy who does those NFL documentaries. We spared no expense.

IN THE PARK,

The Land Rovers pass through a grove of low, stumpy palm trees. Throughout the park, the fences and retaining walls are covered with greenery and growth, to heighten the illusion of moving through a jungle.

They come to a halt on top of a low rise, where a break in the foliage gives them a view down a sloping field that is broken by a river. The tour voice continues.

VOICE (o.s.)
If you look to the right, you may catch a glimpse of the first dinosaur on our tour --

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant, Gennaro and Ellie practically SLAM up against the windows, to get a look.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Tim and Lex do the same. Tim points and SHOUTS.

TIM
Dilophosaurus!

DOWN NEAR THE RIVER,

There is one! A Dilophosaur, built on the standard carnivore pattern, is about four feet tall, with a brightly colored fan flanking its head. It crouches near the river, drinking. Its body is spotted yellow and black, like a leopard.

VOICE (o.s.)
-- which is called Dilophosaurus.

The animal looks up and gives a soft HOOTING cry, like an owl.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Lex looks at Tim, skeptical.

LEX
Lucky guess.

Tim can hardly contain himself.

TIM
COOL!

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant can hardly contain himself.

GRANT
COOL!

VOICE (o.s.)
Dilophosaurus is one of the earliest carnivores, and, thanks to our work here, we now know they were poisonous.

IN THE PARK,

the Dilophosaur seems to sense that it's being watched. It turns to face the cars and crouches, staring at them suspiciously. It's kind of cute.

VOICE (o.s.)
Dilophosaurus actually spits its venom at its prey, causing blindness and eventually paralysis, allowing

the carnivore to eat at its leisure --

The Dilophosaur turns and bolts rapidly into the brush, disappearing. It moves by hopping, like a kangaroo, but don't kid yourself -- this thing is fast.

VOICE (o.s.)
-- making it a beautiful but deadly addition to Jurassic Park.

ON THE ROAD,

the cars move on, with an audible GRIND.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

JOHN ARNOLD watches his computer screen and the video monitors at the same time, keeping an eye on the cars as they move through the park. HAMMOND hovers over his shoulder~~s~~.

ARNOLD
Gears are grinding.

He calls to a TECHNICIAN to his left, who has his back to them.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Have maintenance check cars BB4 and BB5 as soon as they get back.

The Technician GRUNTS, but doesn't turn around.

HAMMOND
Minor detail, minor detail.

ARNOLD
Yeah, along with the other hundred and fifty. Where's the list of new ones?
(reading from a page)
Animal feeding resets every twelve hours, not every twenty-four -- automated fecal analysis always picks up enzymes that aren't there -- motion sensors still pick up birds -- these are just today.

HAMMOND
(sighs)
Dennis -- our lives are in your hands, and you have butterfingers.

The Technician finally turns around, and as he does we get a sinking feeling that we've seen him somewhere before. And we have. DENNIS NEDRY is the man who accepted a suitcase full of cash in San Juan.

NEDRY
Hey, I don't know one computer system of this size that ever got up and running exactly on schedule. Or on budget.

HAMMOND
I am not going to get sucked into another financial argument with you. I am not.

NEDRY
'Course not, why should you?

ARNOLD
(continuing)
-- the automatic light dimmers only work every other day --

HAMMOND
The cost overrun liability was your idea, if you didn't think you --

NEDRY
You're right, John. You're absolutely right. Everything's my problem.

ARNOLD
Quiet, both of you. They're coming to the tyrannosaur paddock.

CUT TO:

EXT TYRANNOSAUR PADDOCK DAY

The two Land Rovers have stopped at the edge of a large, open plain that is separated from the road by a fifteen foot fence, clearly marked with "DANGER!" signs and ominous-looking electrical posts.

Everyone in both cars is pressed forward against the windows, eyes wide, waiting for you-know-who.

IN THE REAR CAR,

The voice on the radio drones on, but GRANT, ELLIE and GENNARO aren't even listening any more.

VOICE (o.s.)
The mighty Tyrannosaurs arose late in dinosaur history. Dinosaurs

ruled the earth for a hundred and
twenty million years, but it wasn't
until the last --

GRANT
Turn that off, will you?

Gennaro flips a switch and they wait in silence.

Ellie gets impatient. She flicks another switch on the dashboard and picks up the radio microphone.

ELLIE
Where is he?

IN THE LEAD CAR,

ED REGIS picks up his radio.

REGIS
Hiding. He's a little shy. I don't
think he knows he's our biggest hook.

ELLIE (o.s.)
Shy? Tyrannosaurus rex is shy?

REGIS
You almost never see him out in the
daylight.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant nods his assent.

GRANT
They were night hunters.
(catching himself)
Are night hunters.

He shakes his head in wonder.

REGIS (o.s.)
Hold on, they'll try to tempt him.

IN THE PADDOCK,

there is a low HUMMING sound. Out in the middle of the field, a small cage rises up into view, lifted on hydraulics from underground. The cage bars slide down, leaving the cage's occupant standing alone in the middle of the field.

It's a goat, one leg chained to a stake. It looks around, confused, and BLEATS plaintively.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

LEX and TIM look at the goat with widely different reactions.

LEX
Aw, he's gonna eat it?

TIM
(in heaven)
Excellent.

IN THE PADDOCK,

the goat waits. And waits. From the Land Rovers, six faces watch it expectantly.

The goat tugs on its chain. It walks back and forth, nervous. It BLEATS.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant watches, his eyes glued, his breathing becoming a little more rapid.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Tim and Lex can't tear their eyes away.

IN THE PADDOCK,

finally, the goat --

-- lays down.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

everyone sits back, disappointed. Regis picks up the microphone.

REGIS
Sorry. No matinee, I guess. Maybe on our way back.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant picks up the microphone.

GRANT
Is there any way we can look at some of the animals more closely? I mean really examine ~~it.~~ them?

REGIS (o.s.)
Yeah, I think so. Sit back.

With a jolt, the Land Rovers start up again.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

DENNIS NEDRY sneaks a peek at one of the video monitors. The monitor shows a steel door which is plainly marked -- "EMBRYONIC COLD STORAGE. RESTRICTED!"

Nedry looks to another monitor, which is labelled "EAST DOCK." The monitor shows a supply ship, moored at the dock, unloading its cargo.

He ~~Nedry~~ turns and looks up at the clock on the wall.

It's 4:15.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK DAY

The Land Rovers are stopped on the road, empty. REGIS, the KIDS, GRANT, ELLIE, and GENNARO are out in one of the open fields, heading toward a small stand of trees. Regis is in the lead.

REGIS
Just through those trees. Our
veterinarian, Gerry Harding, is
out with the animal now.

He looks up at the sky, which is starting to darken early in the day.

REGIS (cont.)
We should hurry. Looks like rain.

They step up their pace and hurry down a narrow path that leads through the group of trees. There ought to be a light at the end of the tunnel of trees, but it seems especially dark. Gennaro, who is the last one on the path, notices.

GENNARO
Kind of dark up ahead, ~~isn't it?~~ don't you think?

Regis just smiles. Gennaro, nervous, calls to the others.

GENNARO (cont.)
Uh -- ~~don't you think?~~ anybody?

But the others, ahead of him, aren't answering, as they have stopped in their tracks as soon as they got clear of the trees.

Gennaro practically bumps into them, then looks up and sees what they're staring at.

GENNARO (cont.)
Oh, my.

It's a Triceratops, as big as a house, facing straight at them, blocking the light at the end of the path. It has an enormous curved shell that flanks its head, two huge horns over its eyes, and a third on the end of its nose.

It doesn't move, just breathes -- loud, and raspy.

They stare up at the thing, aghast.

GENNARO (cont.)
Were these -- were these --

Grant pats him on the shoulder.

GRANT
Herbivores. Relax.

ELLIE
(in Gennaro's ear)
He could still step on you.

Gennaro looks at her, not appreciating that. Even in fear, he can't resist a peek at her butt.

~~Gennaro and~~ Lex takes a few steps back from the thing and PLOPS down on a log at the edge of the trees.

VOICE (o.s.)
Hello!

GERRY HARDING, the veterinarian, steps forward, right between the giant forelegs of the beast.

HARDING (cont.)
Don't worry, Muldoon tranquilized him for me. He's sick.

Over on the log, Lex hears a RUSTLING sound from the other side of the stand of trees. Curious, she gets up and heads for it, unnoticed by the others.

Grant has gone rather gingerly to the Triceratops' mouth. The Triceratops' tongue, dark purple, droops limply over the animal's jaw.

GRANT
Ellie, look at this.

ELLIE
(coming over)
Microvesicles. That's interesting.

She scratches the tongue with her fingernail. A clear liquid leaks from the broken blisters.

ELLIE (cont.)
What are its symptoms?

HARDING
Imbalance, disorientation, labored breathing, massive diarrhea. And I do mean massive.

ELLIE
Dilated pupils, too.

HARDING
Really? I didn't catch that.

Ellie turns and looks around the surrounding landscape.

ELLIE
That could be a pharmacological effect. I'd like to check the local plant life for toxicity. What's the animal's feeding range?

HARDING
About five square miles.

ELLIE
That'll take some time. Why don't you go on ahead, Alan?

HARDING
I've got a gas-powered jeep, you can ride back with me if you --

He is stopped in the middle of his sentence by a SHRIEKING sound from a few yards away. They whirl. They see nothing, at first, only hear SCREAMS.

ELLIE
The little girl!

They look frantically, but can't see her anywhere.

GENNARO
She was right here, with me!

TIM
There!

They all turn at once, toward a field of long grass, about three feet high, that runs along the edge of the wooded area. Alexis is visible above the top of the grass. She seems to be floating, scooting along on top of it, SHRIEKING --

-- with delight. She whizzes past them, waving. They all take off after her, racing toward the grass, but abruptly come to a stop at the edge.

The grass rustles and bursts apart to reveal Lex, seated happily on top of a baby Triceratops, about three feet tall. The baby T-tops skids to a halt in front of the other humans and Lex jumps proudly off.

LEX
I rode a dinosaur!

ELLIE
You scared us. We thought --

Lex suddenly sails through the air at least five feet and lands in the dirt at their feet. She leaps to her feet, a wounded look on her face and her hands rubbing her butt. She looks back at the baby Triceratops.

LEX
Hey!

They all move forward to the baby, curious, and start to pet and poke it.

BOOM! The ground all around them shakes, as if from a small earthquake. They turn and see the mother Triceratops, which has stamped its leg and is lifting it up to do it again.

HARDING
The tranquilizer's wearing off.

BOOM! The animal stamps its leg again and shakes its head, warning them to move away from the baby.

GRANT
(to Regis)
I'd like to look at ~~some of the others.~~ As many as I can get close to.

REGIS
All right. But, (a look at the sky)
we'll have to hurry.

Grant turns to Ellie, a little uncomfortable.

GRANT
Coming?

ELLIE
No, you go ahead. I'll see you back at the visitor's center.

Grant looks at the others, and drops his voice, hoping for a moment of privacy.

GRANT
Ellie, I just wanted to say --

REGIS
(calling to them)
Let's go!

Ellie looks at Grant, expectantly. He looks back at Regis, then at her, sincere, but kind of helpless.

~~ELLIE~~ G
~~Alan -- there's time~~. well -- there's time, right?

She nods. He looks at her, grateful, then turns and goes. Ellie and Harding go back to the Triceratops, which is starting to come back to life.

As Grant and the others reach the stand of trees, Grant turns back for one last look at Ellie. He raises his hand to wave, but she is turned the other way. Feeling silly, he drops his hand and goes into the woods.

Just as he does, Ellie turns and waves to him, but with his back turned, he misses it too. In this way, they say goodbye.

Overhead, the skies are darkening rapidly. It's going to be a hell of a storm.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK DUSK

It's nearing the end of the day, and it's awfully dark. Lightning flashes zip across the sky, with the THUNDER almost right on top of them. The wind has whipped up, and the trees in Jurassic Park are swaying like crazy.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DUSK

The clock on the wall says 6:35. DENNIS NEDRY, sweat forming on his upper lip now, turns from ~~[illegible]~~ the clock, back to his computer screen, which is jammed with a series of complex commands. He runs one finger ~~[illegible]~~ over a large button on his keyboard marked "EXECUTE" -- but he does not press it.

A phone BEEPS once and he scoops it up.

NEDRY
Control.

Across the room,

HAMMOND is with JOHN ARNOLD, staring at the video screens.

~~HAMMOND~~
~~That thunder's right on top of us.~~
~~Get them back.~~

ARNOLD
Grant's looking at the last of the animals now. The cars are turned around; they'll be on their way in a minute. Good thing, that thunder's right on top of us.

Over at Nedry's terminal, he has turned his back on the others. He's staring at one video terminal, the one that shows the boat that is docked on the island shore. It's now being buffetted by heavy waves. Nedry whispers sharply into the phone.

NEDRY
I told Dodgson a dozen times -- seven o'clock. I need the full eighteen minutes!

VOICE
(on phone)
Look, we're gonna break up on the dock if you don't move now! Either you get the material down here in twelve minutes, max, or you miss us, got it?

NEDRY
Damn it!

He turns to Arnold, ~~trying to~~ affecting a businesslike attitude.

NEDRY (cont.)
It's the mate on the Anne B., out at the east dock. They're requesting permission to disembark a little early because of the storm, but I don't think it's a good --

ARNOLD
Granted. Those seas must be getting rough.

NEDRY
Are you sure? I think we --

ARNOLD
(what's wrong with you?)
There's a hundred workers on that ship who want to get home for the

weekend. Permission granted.

Nedry chews his lip, thinking. He turns around and whispers into the phone again.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Permission granted.
(even lower voice)
I'll be there in twelve minutes.

The line CLICKS and goes dead. Nedry takes a deep breath and looks up at the clock. 6:37.

Arnold SNAPS a button on his console with particular relish.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Visitor vehicles are on their way
back to base.

He takes off his headset and, for the first time, sits back in his chair. He almost looks relaxed.

Hammond
~~ARNOLD (cont.)~~
You know, [illegible] I think we ~~ought to~~ deserve to
congratulate ourselves. Our first
visitors [illegible]

A Congratulate.

~~HAMMOND~~
-- and it went off without a hitch.
Not one single hitch.

A It's true

well, of course it did. This concern everyone has is completely misplaced. We're in control.

Dennis Nedry stands up.

He's shaking in his shoes, but ~~appears as~~ trying like hell to be casual, ~~as a human being possibly can.~~

NEDRY
Anybody want a Coke?

There are various MUMBLES, some yes, some no. Nedry turns, reaches down with one finger, and gently pushes ~~a single~~ button on his keyboard, "EXECUTE."

A digital clock on the computer screen starts to tick down from sixty seconds.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT

Night has completely fallen now, and the rain has started. It's a tropical storm, the rain falling in drenching sheets on the roofs and hoods of the Land Rovers, which are moving, make their way slowly back to the visitor's center.

IN THE REAR CAR,

GRANT and GENNARO are alone. Gennaro's almost giddy with relief and delight. He pulls a flask out of his pocket, unscrews the top, and drinks while he talks.

GENNARO
Hammond's a genius. A stone genius. I suspected it before, but I'm absolutely convinced of it now.

~~I'm still concerned.~~

~~GRANT~~
~~I have to admit, I would have thought you'd have more problems with containment.~~

~~GENNARO~~
~~Well, you just leave that to us, okay?~~
~~Come on, it's a zoo. We had experts in.~~

~~GRANT~~
~~If there is one thing the history of evolution has taught us, it's that life breaks free. Life breaks through barriers. Life is completely unpredictable.~~

~~He stops, listening to what he's saying. He turns and looks out the window.~~

~~GRANT (cont.)~~
~~Completely unpredictable. Anyone who thinks they're above that just -- doesn't know life.~~

GRANT
I think he has problems he doesn't know about.

G
what probs?

Grant
I want to talk to Dr. Sattler first.

Gennaro
well, whatever it is, I'm sure Hammond can figure it out. I've never been a rich man. I hear it's nice.

Grant's staring out the window, not really listening. Gennaro hands him the flask

Gennaro just shrugs, not really following that. He holds the flask out to Grant, who takes it and drinks.

GRANT (cont.)
You married?

GENNARO
Me? Sure. Three times. I'm always on the lookout for a future ex-Mrs. Gennaro.

Grant laughs and hands him back the flask.

GENNARO (cont.)
By the way, I wanted to ask you-- Is Dr. Sattler, uh --

Grant looks at him sharply.

GRANT
What?

GENNARO
I'm sorry, are you two -- ?

GRANT
No. Yes.

GENNARO
Which?

GRANT
I don't know. I'm not exactly, uh --
(terribly uncomfortable)
-- experienced in these matters.

He takes the flask back and takes another drink. Gennaro turns his head away.

GRANT (cont.)
Did you laugh?!

GENNARO
(yes)
No! Do you have any inkling when you might be making up your mind?

GRANT
Don't rush me.

The cars jerk to a stop. The lights in the vehicles and along the road go out, plunging them into blackness.

GENNARO
What the hell --

IN THE FRONT CAR,

REGIS
-- is going on?

TIM
(excited)
Blackout!

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT

The video screens in the control room have all gone blank, but the computer terminals are still up. ARNOLD nearly falls forward in his chair and starts TAPPING at his keyboard. HAMMOND hurries up behind him, as does ROBERT MULDOON.

HAMMOND
What's going on?

ARNOLD
I don't know! We lost power in

the video screens, in the park
perimeter, in the security doors
and systems -- everywhere but here
in the control room!

Hammond whirls, furious.

HAMMOND

NEDRY!

But Nedry's chair is empty.

INT FERTILIZATION LAB NIGHT

A video camera droops, its red light out. The silver door marked "EMBRYONIC COLD STORAGE" stands ajar; its security panel, normally brightly lit, is out.

DENNIS NEDRY shoves the door open and hurries into the cooler. He's carrying a can of shaving cream.

IN THE COOLER,

Nedry flips open the hatch on the bottom of the can, revealing slotted compartments inside. He goes to a rack of dozens of thin glass slides. A sign over the rack says "VIABLE EMBRYOS -- HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE!"

Nedry starts to slide the glass slides out of the rack and into the can.

INT   CONTROL ROOM   NIGHT

ARNOLD is frantically punching buttons on his console, to no avail. HAMMOND watches him.

HAMMOND
What the hell's happened?

ARNOLD
(working like hell)
I don't know. I keep going around in circles. I'm not the computer expert around here.

HAMMOND
Call Nedry's people in Cambridge!

Arnold whisks across the floor in his chair and snatches up the nearest phone. He punches for an outside line.

ARNOLD
Phones are out too.

MULDOON steps forward.

MULDOON
Where did the Land Rovers stop?

ARNOLD
Uh -- next to the T-rex paddock.

Hammond turns to two TECHNICIANS.

HAMMOND
Find Nedry!
(pissed)
Check the vending machines.

INT   CORRIDOR   NIGHT

clutching can

NEDRY, checking his watch, and really sweating now, races down a hallway and into a stairwell.

IN THE STAIRWELL,

Nedry flies down the stairs and through a door marked "GARAGE."

IN THE GARAGE,

Nedry races over to a gas-powered jeep parked near the door, jumps in, starts it up, and SQUEALS out of the garage.

CUT TO:

EXT TYRANNOSAUR PADDOCK NIGHT

The two Land Rovers sit, dead still, in the middle of the road. The rain pours down. A man's form races back from the front car to the rear car.

IN THE REAR CAR,

GRANT, soaking wet, gets back into the car and closes the door behind him. GENNARO turns to him.

GRANT
Their radio's out too. Regis said to sit tight.

GENNARO
The kids okay?

GRANT
I didn't ask. Why wouldn't they be?

GENNARO
Kids get scared.

GRANT
What's to be scared about? Just a little hiccup in the power.

GENNARO
I didn't say _I_ was scared.

He turns and looks out at the driving rain, and the fence that stands between them and the tyrannosaur paddock.

GENNARO (cont.)
Yet.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT

A wire mesh fence in front of us has a very clear sign:

DANGER! ELECTRIFIED FENCE!
This Door Cannot Be Opened
When Fence is Armed!

A hand reaches out, ~~and~~ grabs the fence by the bare wire, flips a latch, and shoves the door open. No sparks fly.

DENNIS NEDRY runs from the fence back to his jeep, drops it in gear, and tears off down the park road. The rain is absolutely flowing down now, and the road is rapidly turning to mud.

IN THE JEEP,

Nedry can barely see through the windshield. He's driving as fast as possible, checking his watch every few seconds.

He leans forward, squinting to see through the windshield, wiping off the condensation with his free hand. Ahead, he comes to a fork in the road. He jumps on the brakes.

NEDRY
Shit!

He grabs a map off the passenger seat and consults it quickly. Although he doesn't look too convinced, he drops the car in gear and heads off to the left.

CUT TO:

EXT TYRANNOSAUR PADDOCK NIGHT

IN THE FRONT CAR,

REGIS, LEX, and TIM wait, bored. The rain drums on the roof monotonously. Tim is lying across the front seat, his legs draped over the back of it, his head upside down.

TIM
I can make myself pass out this way.

LEX
(rolls her eyes)
That's great, Timmy.

She looks at Regis, as if to say "Kids." Regis reaches down and CLICKS open a compartment under the seat. He takes out what looks like a heavy-duty pair of safety goggles.

REGIS
You kids ever see a pair of night vision goggles?

TIM
(bolting upright)
Cool!

— R Careful, these cost about 600 dollars.

T I'll be careful

He grabs them eagerly.

REGIS
Lex, you can use them in a second.

But Lex doesn't even answer, as she's not paying attention. Her head is turned, to the right, and she's looking out the rear window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

Lex can see the goat that was brought up from underground earlier. It's still tethered in the same place, BLEATING plaintively in the pouring rain.

LEX

Poor thing.

IN THE CAR,

TIM

BOO!

Lex is startled as Tim leaps up over the front seat, wearing the goggles.

LEX

Timmy.

He jumps into the back seat with her and stares out the back window of the Land Rover, into the night. He reaches up and adjusts the focus on the goggles, turning two large rings on the fronts of the lenses.

THROUGH THE GOGGLES,

Tim can clearly see the Land Rover with Grant and Gennaro in it behind them. The image is a bright fluorescent green, the night-vision effect.

As Tim watches, the door of the rear Land Rover opens and a hand reaches out, holding an empty bottle out to catch some rain water.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant pulls the bottle back in, closes the door, takes a deep drink, and passes it to Gennaro.

GENNARO

Taking kind of a long time, isn't it?

GRANT

Yep.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

While Tim stares out the windows with the goggles, Lex is now slumped down in the back seat. Her legs are draped over the front and she's BANGING them against it.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Regis is resting, leaning against the headrest, his eyes closed.

In the back seat, Tim snaps his head towards them.

TIM
Did you feel that?

They don't answer. Tim reaches forward and stills Lex's kicking legs. He jumps into the front seat.

REGIS
(jostled)
Hey.

Tim pulls off the goggles and looks at two clear plastic cups of water that sit in recessed holes on the dashboard. As Tim watches, the water in the glasses vibrates, making concentric circles --

-- then it stops --

-- and then vibrates again. Rhythmically.

Like from footsteps.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Regis' ~~has gone back to resting, but suddenly his~~ eyes snap open. He looks up at the rear view mirror. There is a security pass hanging from it that is bouncing slightly, swaying from side to side.

As Regis watches, his image bounces too, vibrating in the rear view mirror.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

REGIS
(not entirely convinced)
Maybe it's the power trying to come back on.

Tim jumps back into the back seat and puts the goggles back on. He turns and looks out the side window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

Tim can see the area where the goat is tethered. Or *was* tethered. The chain is still there -- but the goat *is* gone.

IN THE CAR,

Tim's eyes widen.

BANG!

They all jump, and Lex SCREAMS as something hits the plexiglass sunroof of the Land Rover, hard. They look up.

It's a disembodied goat leg.

REGIS
Oh, Jesus. Jesus.

Tim whips around to look out the side window again. His mouth pops open, but no sound comes out.

THROUGH THE GOGGLES,

Tim sees an animal claw, a huge one, gripping the cables of the "electrified" fence.

IN THE CAR,

Tim whips his goggles off and presses forward, against the window. He looks up, up, then cranes his head back further, to look out the sunroof. Past the goat's leg, he can see --

-- Tyrannosaurus rex. It stands maybe twenty-five feet high, forty feet long from nose to tail, with an enormous, boxlike head that must be five feet long by itself. The remains of the goat are hanging out of the rex's mouth. It tilts its head back and swallows the animal in one big gulp.

Ed Regis can't even speak. His hand claws for the door handle, he shoulders it open, and takes off, out of the car.

ON THE ROAD,

Regis runs away, as fast as he can, right past the second car, toward a cement block house twenty or thirty yards away.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant and Gennaro watch as Regis races past their car and flies into the cement block house down the road, SLAMMING a door behind him.

GRANT
What the hell is he doing?

Gennaro looks the other way, out the passenger window. As he watches, the fence begins to buckle, its posts collapsing into themselves, the wires SNAPPING free.

GENNARO
What the --

Grant now turns and watches as, ahead of them, the "DANGER!" sign SMACKS down on top of the hood of the first Land Rover. Now the entire fence is coming down, the posts collapsing, the cables SNAPPING as --

-- the T-rex chews its way through the barrier.

Gennaro and Grant see it at the same time.

GENNARO (cont.)
But it's electri --

He stops in the middle of his sentence, realizing.

GRANT
Not any more.

ON THE ROAD,

the T-rex steps over the ruined barrier and into the middle of the park road. It just stands there for a moment, swinging its head from one vehicle to the other.

~~IN THE REAR CAR,~~

~~Grant and Gennaro stare, wide-eyed.~~

~~GRANT~~
~~Jesus Christ, do I hate being right.~~

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Tim leaps into the front and pulls the driver's door shut. The rex strides around to that side of the car and peers down, from high above.

Both kids are terrified, breathing hard, unable to speak.

ON THE ROAD,

the T-rex turns and strides quickly back to the second car. It circles around it, slowly, bending over to look in the window.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant and Gennaro sit trembling in the front seat, watching as the giant legs stride past their windows.

GRANT
(a quivery whisper)
Don't move -- don't move --

Gennaro freezes as the rex bends down and peers right in through his window. The dinosaur's giant, yellowing eye is only slightly smaller than the entire pane of glass.

The T-rex pulls away slightly, then reaches down and BUMPS the windshield with its snout. It spiderwebs.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Lex is rummaging around in the glove compartment, looking for something, anything. She finds a flashlight.

TIM

Lex, don't --

ON THE ROAD,

the front car lights up from within as Lex switches on the flashlight.

The dinosaur raises its head. It turns slowly from the second car to the first car, drawn by the light. Making a decision, it strides over to the first vehicle.

Fast.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Tim and Lex have managed to turn the flashlight off, but they can only stare out the windows as the T-rex reaches their car and starts to circle it.

LEX

I'm sorry -- I'm sorry --

TIM

Shhhhh!

The T-rex bends down and looks in through the front windshield of the car, then the side window. Tim is eye to eye with the thing for a second, then the dinosaur raises its head up, above the car. The Kids look up, through the sunroof, as the head goes higher, and higher, and higher, and then the rex turns, looks straight down at them through the sunroof, opens its mouth wide and --

-- ROARS.

The windows RATTLE, Lex SCREAMS, the flashlight goes on again, and the Tyrannosaurus strikes.

SMASH! The thing's head hits the plastic sunroof, knocking the whole frame right out of the roof of the car and down into the vehicle. The bubble falls down onto Tim and Lex, trapping them, as the animal lunges down, through the hole, SNAPPING at them.

The plexiglass holds, though, and protects Tim and Lex even as it pins them to the seats. The T-rex continues to push down, and Tim, whose feet were caught above him, pushes back, only an inch of glass between him and the dinosaur's teeth.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant and Gennaro watch in horror as the dinosaur claws at the side of the vehicle with one of its powerful hind legs.

It pushes, starting to tip the car over.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

the glass windows SHATTER, the Kids are thrown to the side, and the Land Rover tilts.

The rex bends down and nudges the car with its head, rolling it up on its side. Tim and Lex tumble around.

ON THE ROAD,

the T-rex starts to nudge the Land Rover toward the barrier. Over the barrier, there is a gentle terraced area at one side, where the rex emerged from, but the car isn't next to that, it's next to a sharp precipice, representing a fifty or sixty foot drop.

The car, upside down now, is pushed near the edge.

The rex towers over the car. Like a dog, it puts one foot on the chassis and tears at the undercarriage with its jaws. Biting at anything it can get hold of, it rips the rear axle free, tosses it aside, and bites into a tire.

The tire EXPLODES, startling the animal.

INSIDE THE CAR,

Tim and Lex are trapped inside the rapidly flattening car. As the frame continues to buckle, they crawl toward the open rear window, the car collapsing behind them. Mud and rain water pour into what little space there is left.

Tim is ahead, nearing the back window, when there is a CRUNCH and a seat comes down, pinning him.

ON THE ROAD,

the dinosaur backs up, dragging the Land Rover, swinging it left and right. It seems ready to fling it easily over the edge.

Grant gets out of his car. He's holding a flare in one hand, which he pulls the top off of. Bright flames shoot out the end of it.

GRANT
Hey! Over here! HEY!

The T-rex turns and looks at him. Grant tosses the flare over the edge of the barrier. The rex watches the flare --

-- and lunges after it.

Gennaro sees his opportunity. He leaps out of the car and takes off down the road, running for his life to the cement block house Ed Regis went into earlier.

The T-rex sees the movement. It whirls, and takes off after Gennaro, fast. Its tail SNAPS around, and CRACKS into Grant, who was trying like hell to get out of the way. He's sent flying, and lands near the first vehicle.

Gennaro reaches the block house just steps ahead of the T-rex and tugs at the door.

It's locked.

GENNARO
REGIS! LET ME IN!

IN THE CEMENT HOUSE,

ED REGIS leans against the far wall near some maintenance equipment, terrified. He stares at the door as Gennaro POUNDS and SCREAMS. Regis clamps his hands over his ears.

REGIS
GO AWAY!

ON THE ROAD,

the T-rex catches up to Gennaro. Without even slowing down, it leans down, picks him up in its mouth, and SNAPS its head once. Gennaro flies out of its mouth and sails over the other edge of the barrier.

The rex doesn't go after him. Instead, it stares down at the little building.

IN THE CEMENT HOUSE,

Ed Regis cowers in a corner. He looks around as the walls start to vibrate and the girders start to GROAN.

Suddenly the front wall of the building EXPLODES as the T-rex bursts through the door, sending chunks of the building flying in all directions inside. The roof collapses; Regis fights to protect himself from the falling junk.

ON THE ROAD,

Grant gets to his feet and watches as the T-rex noses around in the rubble. It seems to find something, and Grant can hear Regis SCREAMING, the sound piercing --

-- and then the screaming stops, abruptly. The T-rex squats over the building, rooting around in the wreckage, then straightening up to swallow.

Grant scrambles over to the car. He lays on the ground, looks inside, and sees Lex staring up at him, conscious, her face covered in mud.

Grant reaches in and drags her out.

GRANT
Your brother?!

LEX
He's unconscious! He won't move!

GRANT
Are you okay?

Lex, staring over his shoulder, SCREAMS. Grant whirls, covering her mouth at the same time.

GRANT (cont.)
(a whisper)
Shhh! He can't see us if we don't move!

Lex looks at him like he's crazy, but freezes. They wait.

BOOM! A big T-rex foot smacks down in front of them as the dinosaur approaches the car again. It draws up, leans down, right past them, and SNIFFS the car, ragged bits of flesh and clothing hanging from its teeth.

Not finding anything, the dinosaur swings its head away, SNORTING loudly through its nose. Grant's hat flies off his head. Still, he doesn't move.

The rex walks to the back of the car. It bends down.

WHAP! The car spins as it is pushed from behind by the rex. Grant and Lex are pushed in front of it, helpless. They scramble around on their knees, trying to keep ahead of the car, which the rex is now pushing even closer to the edge of the barrier.

Grant and Lex crawl quickly, but the car is moving faster, catching up to them.

INSIDE THE CAR,

Tim awakens and SCREAMS. He tries to untangle himself.

ON THE ROAD,

the T-rex looms over Lex and Grant, who are trapped between the car and the sixty foot drop.

INSIDE THE CAR,

the rex bends down and sees Tim. Tim backs away, furiously, but there's almost no room to move in here. The rex opens its mouth, wide, and stretches its tongue into the car.

Tim screams and kicks as the tongue tries to wrap around him. But it fails, and withdraws from the car.

ON THE ROAD,

the T-rex ROARS in frustration. It bends down for one final lunge at the car.

Grant sees it coming. He grabs Lex and puts her on his back.

GRANT
Hang on!

She wraps her arms around his neck. He scrambles to the edge of the barrier, grabs one of the dangling fence cables, and starts to climb down!

The cable is slick with rain, and it's all Grant can do to hang on as he and Lex slide rapidly down. Above them, the vehicle is now teetering over the edge, threatening to drop right on top of them if they don't hurry.

Grant GASPS, as Lex has unwittingly started to choke him as she holds on for dear life.

The car GROANS, nearly over the edge now. Grant looks to the side. There are other cables, out of the line of the car's impending drop. His feet scrambling along the concrete wall, Grant tries to swing over toward one.

But he falls short. His momentum carries them back, the other way, and then on the second swing, he manages to grab hold of the second cable.

The car falls. Lex and Grant are clear by inches, clinging to the second cable.

LEX
Timmy!

The car CRUNCHES into the leafy top of a tree, resting on its roof some fifteen feet below them.

Lex and Grant look back up, above them. The T-rex stares down at them, but they are safely out of its reach.

It ROARS once more, in a final fit of frustration, turns --

-- and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT

As the rain continues to pour down, a gas-powered jeep ROARS down another park road.

INT JEEP NIGHT

DENNIS NEDRY drives the jeep, as fast as he can in the treacherous conditions. He MUTTERS to himself, shaking his head.

NEDRY

Shoulda been there by now -- shoulda been there --

He hauls it around a corner and looks down, checking his watch. When he looks back up, his eyes go wide.

There's a cement wall, right in front of him. He SHOUTS and stands on the brakes, as hard as he can.

ON THE ROAD,

the jeep fishtails, skidding out of control in the mud toward the wall. Nedry hauls the wheel hard to the side to try to control the skid, and he does, barely, but the jeep skids off the road, going halfway over a muddied embankment.

IN THE JEEP,

NEDRY

God damn it!

He drops the car in reverse and hits the gas.

The wheels spin, sending mud flying everywhere, but the jeep goes nowhere, just digs in further.

Nedry can't believe it. He POUNDS the dashboard, then sits back and shakes his head.

NEDRY (cont.)

You have a problem, Dennis.

~~From outside, there is a soft HOOTING sound.~~

~~Nedry thinking, doesn't seem to notice.~~ He leans forward.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD,

Nedry can see another park road, down the sloping embankment, about twenty feet below.

IN THE CAR,

he cautiously puts it in forward and hits the gas. But she ain't goin' nowhere.

Nedry makes a decision. He opens the glove compartment and takes out a flashlight and the shaving cream can. He shoves the can in his jacket pocket and gets out of the jeep.

ON THE ROAD,

Nedry CRANKS a winch from its coil on the front end of the jeep. He slips and slides down the muddy embankment, across the road below, and goes to a sturdy-looking tree on the other side.

From the distance, there is a soft HOOTING sound.

~~The HOOTING sound comes again, closer now. This time,~~ Nedry ~~takes note,~~ flash~~ing~~es the light around him in a few directions, looking for the source of it. He doesn't find it, and goes back to what he was doing, but faster.

The HOOTING comes again and Nedry looks up, getting rattled. He freezes, noticing something in the distance.

It's a Dilophosaur, the kind we saw down at the river earlier. This one's just staring at Nedry, tilting its head curiously. It's only about four feet high, and doesn't look very dangerous.

NEDRY
(relieved)
Buzz off.

He secures the winch and starts across the road, back up the embankment. The Dilophosaur hops along behind him, but faster. It circles around him and pops up next to him, HOOTING at him playfully, then ducks around a tree and appears on the other side, HOOTING.

Nedry shakes his head and continues up the embankment, MUTTERING to himself. He's near the top when the dilophosaur suddenly hops out right in front of him, startling him. Nedry loses his balance and falls back, on his rear.

He gets to his feet, angry.

NEDRY
I said --

He picks up a rock and chucks it at the thing.

NEDRY (cont.)
-- beat it!

The rock hits the dinosaur and it HOOTS a few times, its feelings hurt. It hops out of the way.

Nedry reaches the top of the embankment and goes to the winch, turning the crank to tighten it. The slack in the cable is taken up.

Nedry is about to get back in the jeep when he hears the HOOT again, from about twenty feet away. He looks up.

The Dilophosaur is staring at him from halfway up the embankment. As Nedry watches, the animal rears its head back and snaps it forward sharply.

NEDRY (cont.)
Look, I'm sorry I threw the --

SPLAT! A big gob of something wet SMACKS into the middle of Nedry's chest.

NEDRY (cont.)
HEY!

He reaches down and touches the goo that's dribbling down his jacket.

NEDRY (cont.)
That's disgusting!

SPLAT! Another gob of goo SMACKS into the headlight, right next to Nedry's head. He stands up. A look of confusion crosses his face. He lifts up his right hand, the one that he touched the spit with, and looks at it strangely, flexing it.

Now the Dilophosaur HISSES. The brightly colored fan around its neck flares wildly, two bulbous sacks on either side of its neck inflate, it rears its head back again --

-- and it spits.

POW! This time the lugie hits Nedry right smack in the face. He rubs it away, frantically.

NEDRY (cont.)

Jesus Christ!

He doesn't stick around to figure it out, just marches over to the door of the jeep and hauls it open. He's about to get inside when he suddenly SCREAMS in pain and puts his hands to his eyes.

He falls back, wiping at them, but he's in excruciating pain. He pulls his hands away and gets to his feet, starting to hyperventilate. He flails his arms in front of him, blinking a mile a minute, but blinded.

He staggers forward, to try to get into the jeep, but SMACKS his head on the door frame.

He SCREAMS and falls back, collapsing to his knees.

The Dilophosaur sits where it is on the embankment, just watching Nedry, its head tilted curiously. It HOOTS at him.

Nedry falls forward, hunched on the ground, SCREAMING, CRYING. He rolls over on his back.

Now the Dilophosaur moves. It hops. Slowly. No rush. Up the hill, to Nedry.

It reaches him, and stands over him for a second as he writhes in agony on the ground. It HOOTS at him.

Nedry hears it and flails his arms in front of him in panic.

NEDRY
No -- no -- !

Like a vulture, the dinosaur hops up, onto Nedry's chest. It bends down and bites his face. Nedry SCREAMS, his body thrashes, but the dinosaur holds its perch.

Something tumbles out of Nedry's jacket pocket and rolls a few feet before coming to rest in the mud. It's the can of shaving cream.

As Nedry's SCREAMS get higher and higher in pitch, the rain and mud wash over the can, already starting to bury it.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT

ELLIE, who has just returned, is at the door talking to HAMMOND.

ELLIE
What are you talking about?!

HAMMOND

Just a momentary interruption.

Ellie brushes past him and heads over to the computer.

ELLIE
How long has it been?!

Over at the computer, JOHN ARNOLD's cigarette is practically burning his lips, burned down to almost nothing in his mouth. He hovers over the computer terminal, which is a mass of incomprehensible commands (see appendix B) that scroll by quickly as he futilely examines each one of them. He checks his watch.

ARNOLD
Twenty-three minutes.

Hammond runs his hand through his hair. He repeats the litany he's been reciting all day, but his faith in it is starting to waver.

HAMMOND
They're perfectly safe. We're in control.
(to Arnold)
John, are you doing something?

ARNOLD
This was too systematic to be a breakdown, it had to be ordered by the computer. I'm checking the line codes, one by one.

ELLIE
How many line codes are there?

ARNOLD
Uh -- about a half million.

ELLIE
That's insane!

ARNOLD (snapping at her)
I know that!

ROBERT MULDOON hops off the desk he was sitting on and picks up his hat.

MULDOON
Let's go get 'em. We'll take the gas jeep Harding just brought back.

HAMMOND
Now, don't overreact. As soon as Nedry gets back, we'll be fine. I'm sure of it. As soon as he

gets back.

ELLIE
Where are they stopped?

ARNOLD
Next to the T-rex paddock.

ELLIE
(incredulous)
Next to the -- ?!
(to Muldoon)
You want some company?

CUT TO:

EXT PARK GROUNDS NIGHT

The rain has all but stopped now. ALAN GRANT and LEX are at the bottom of the large barrier leading up to the park road. Like it or not, they're in the park now, and are surrounded by thick jungle foliage on all sides. They're both beaten up, but aside from a bleeding cut on Grant's forehead, none of the injuries looks serious.

Grant is squatting in front of Lex, squeezing her arms and legs, looking for broken bones.

LEX
I said I was okay.

GRANT
Sometimes a bone can be broken
and you don't even feel it, if
your adrenaline's racing.

LEX
Do you think Timmy's okay?

Grant straightens up and looks up at the tree a few yards away. The Land Rover is still in it, but it's settled a bit, now nose down in the thick of the tree.

GRANT
One way to find out.

AT THE TREE,

Grant takes a deep breath, grabs hold of the first branch, and starts his long climb. Fortunately, it's a good climbing tree, its branches thick and regularly spaced.

Grant moves at a good pace. Finally, he comes up to the car's level, on the driver's side five or six feet to one side of it.

The car's in rough shape, much thinner than it used to be, its nose completely smashed in, the front wheels driven solidly into a thick branch. They are what holds it in place.

Grant comes up to the car and reaches out for the driver's door handle.

IN THE CAR,

the door swings open with a CREAK and Grant sticks his head in.

TIM is huddled on the floor on the passenger side, frightened, hugging his knees to his chest. He looks up at Grant with a tear and blood-streaked face.

GRANT
Are you okay?

Tim nods, frightened.

GRANT (cont.)
Give me your hand.

He reaches out. Tim reaches too, but they're still about a foot apart. Grant grabs hold of the steering wheel, to pull himself further in. The wheel turns.

IN THE TREE,

the front wheels turn, losing a bit of their grip on the thick branch they're resting on.

IN THE CAR,

Tim and Grant grab hands, but just as they do, there is a loud series of SNAPS from outside and the car tumbles, shifting dramatically toward Grant's side before coming to a rest again.

Tim SCREAMS and falls into Grant, but Grant holds on to him, getting an arm securely around his waist.

GRANT
Just hold onto me!

IN THE TREE,

Grant and Tim practically fall out of the driver's door, just as the whole car starts to sway again, above them now. Little branches POP like firecrackers all around them as the car shifts and settles in its new location.

GRANT
You know how to climb a tree?

TIM
Uh huh.

Above them, the car starts to move. Down.

GRANT
Then GO!

Tim and Grant start to climb down, as fast as they can, as the big branch that is supporting the car GROANS and CREAKS.

The branch breaks! The car falls freely for a few feet, then THUDS into another branch, which slows it.

Grant and Tim are half climbing, half falling down the tree now, slipping on the resin-covered branches, just trying like hell to get out of the way.

POW! This time, the branches break completely away and the car goes into a freefall, right at them. Grant turns, he SHOUTS, he puts up his arms in defense --

-- and the car stops, SLAMMING into a thick branch just above him. Grant is eyeball to eyeball with the front grill. Drops of oil fall on his forehead.

The new branch starts to CREAK.

ON THE GROUND,

Grant and Tim jump the last six or seven feet and hit the ground, hard. Grant grabs Tim and rolls with him, to the side, just as the car SMASHES into the earth, nose first, standing upright that way.

They look at each other, then at the car, in wonder.

TIM
Th -- thanks.

Grant just nods. He gets up, slowly, and dusts himself off. So does Tim. They turn their back on the car and start to walk away.

SLAM!

The car falls over, onto its roof, just behind them.

They look at each other.

LEX
Timmy!

Lex runs up to them and hugs her brother, who makes a face and tries to push her away.

TIM
Lex -- I'm okay.

Grant squats, thinking, looking at their surroundings, trying to figure out what the hell to do. He looks up at the barrier that leads to the road.

LEX
What do we do now? Go back up
to the road and walk back?

GRANT
(shakes his head)
The rex is up there.

TIM
I don't wanna go there!

GRANT
There are fences on either side.
If he's between us and the lodge,
we wouldn't stand a chance.

LEX
You mean he's gonna get us?!

Grant straightens up, still thinking, not noticing he's panicking the kids. He checks his watch, but the crystal has been smashed. While he talks, he takes the watch off and drops it on the ground.

GRANT
Okay. The rex has probably staked
out the road as a feeding range,
which means his whole paddock is
empty. So we'll walk back through
here. Might be a little slow, but
it can't be more than ~~[illegible]~~ three or four
miles. In case he comes back, we'll
stick to the heavy foliage, that
should be inaccessible to him. Sound
logical to everybody?

The kids just stare at him, absolutely terrified. He bends down in front of them and speaks more softly.

GRANT (cont.)
Nothing is going to happen to either
of you, okay?

LEX

You're just saying that! You
don't know if you can get us back!

Grant looks at her, impressed.

GRANT
Give me your hand.

Lex holds her hand out and Grant takes it in his.

GRANT (cont.)
(to Tim)
Give me your hand, uh — ~~Timmy.~~

TIM
Tommy.

G
Give me your hand, Tommy.

Tim does ~~the same~~. Grant holds both their hands, tightly,

GRANT (cont.)
We're going to get us back. Not
just me. All of us. And we're
not letting go of each other until
we're there. Is that a deal?

They both ~~look at him and~~ nod.

GRANT (cont.)
Deal?

LEX
Deal.

G
Tim?

TIM
Deal.

Grant smiles tightly and stands. Holding each of the kids by the hand, he leads them off, into the thick of the jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT

MULDOON and ELLIE race down the park road in an open-topped jeep like the one Nedry took earlier. Neither of them speak, they just stare ahead grimly, wondering what they're about to find.

MULDOON
(shouting)
Just around this curve at the top
of the hill!

Ellie nods.

BANG! The jeep hits a pothole, a real tooth-rattler, and they both bounce up off the seat.

BANG! BANG! It hits two more, right in a row, and Muldoon swerves a little as he loses some control. He is just slowing down when --

-- BANG! They hit the biggest, deepest of all of them and Ellie almost flies out of the jeep, just holding on to the roll bar for support.

Muldoon hits the brakes and the jeep stops.

MULDOON (cont.)

Shit, those are big potholes! You okay?

ELLIE

Yeah. Let's go.

Muldoon is about to drop the jeep in gear when a terrible thought crosses his mind.

MULDOON

Just a second.

He gets out of the jeep and walks slowly back to where they hit the last pothole. Ellie watches him for a second, then gets out and ~~walks back~~ goes to where he squats in the middle of the road, pointing a flashlight at the ground.

Ellie leans over his shoulder, and she sees the "pothole." It's the deep track of a three-toed animal. A huge one.

MULDOON (cont.)

Footprint.

ON THE ROAD,

the jeep ROARS around the corner, flat out now, and up to the top of the hill where the attack took place. It skids to a stop and Ellie and Muldoon jump out.

The road is a rutted, muddy mess. The cement block house is a pile of rubble. One of the Land Rovers is gone, the other one stands untouched, both doors hanging open.

ELLIE

Oh, no. Oh, God no.

She runs to the Land Rover. Muldoon runs to the wreckage of the cement house.

AT THE LAND ROVER,

Ellie leans in and looks around. Nobody there.

AT THE CEMENT HOUSE,

Muldoon bends down in the middle of the wreckage, looking at something. He pushes his hat back and swallows.

Ellie runs up behind him.

ELLIE
Did you find any -- aw, God.

MULDOON
I think it was Regis.

Ellie turns away and bends over, hands on her knees. She breathes hard, trying to keep from retching.

Faintly, down the road in the other direction, they hear the ROAR of an animal.

Muldoon and Ellie both straighten up, now frightened as well as sickened.

MULDOON (cont.)
We have to look quickly. This was only a few minutes ago.

They hear a MOANING sound from over at the side of the road. They both rush over to it.

AT THE EMBANKMENT,

DONALD GENNARO lies on his back, semi-conscious, among some palm fronds.

MULDOON
It's Gennaro!

He shines his light along the length of Gennaro's body. His shirt is soaked with blood, large patches of it in a curve across the middle of his chest. His right leg is worse off. His belt is twisted around his right thigh, and further down the right ankle is bent outward at a strange angle from the leg. The trousers are flattened, soaked with blood.

ELLIE
He's put a tourniquet on.

She bends down and pulls his shirt up. There is a semi-circle of tooth marks across his torso, where the T-rex held him in its jaws.

MULDOON
We'll have to chance moving him.

Ellie nods. They move to opposite sides of Gennaro's body and lift him, as carefully as possible. They carry him slowly over to the jeep and lay him in the back.

Ellie turns and looks back at the empty road. She's on the verge of tears, but is fighting them back. Muldoon puts a hand on her shoulder, gently.

MULDOON (cont.)
I've seen a lot of animal attacks, Ellie. People just disappear. No blood, no trace. That's how it happens.

She shrugs his arm off her shoulder violently. She walks to the edge of the road, looking at the deep ruts the Land Rover made when it went over the edge.

She follows the ruts to the precipice and looks down below, shining her flashlight. The beam falls on the wrecked Land Rover, upside down beneath the tree it fell out of.

EXT CLEARING NIGHT

Ellie's flashlight beam sprays light on the inside of the wrecked Land Rover. ELLIE is on her stomach, peering inside, looking for anything.

ELLIE
Damn it, Alan -- where are you?

She stands. MULDOON is behind her, looking nervous. There is another ROAR from somewhere far off, but not as far off.

MULDOON
Uh, Ellie --

Ellie ignores him, desperately searching the ground for any sign of Grant.

MULDOON (cont.)
Ellie.

Her flashlight glints off of something. She stops, bends down, and picks it up. It's a wristwatch. She whirls.

ELLIE
This is Alan's!

Muldoon hurries over and takes the watch.

MULDOON
Smashed.

Ellie takes it back, thinking.

MULDOON (cont.)

I'm sorry, believe me. But we have to get out of here.

ELLIE
Wait a second. The crystal's smashed, but the band is unbroken. It wasn't torn off, he took it off.

MULDOON
Ellie, that doesn't mean anything.

ELLIE
Of course it does. Think about it. If you were in danger, would you stop to take your watch off? It means he had time to do it, probably after the attack! It means he could be alive! Maybe the kids are with him.

MULDOON
Maybe.

She turns and looks at the dense jungle beyond.

ELLIE
He's walking back. He's walking back to the camp.

MULDOON
Then we'll find him. As soon as the motion sensors come back on, we'll know exactly where he is and we'll go get him. But if we don't get ~~[illegible] Gennaro back right now, he's going to die.~~ out of here now, we're dead.

She keeps staring out at the jungle.

MULDOON (cont.)
Now, Ellie!

He turns and heads back up the embankment, to the cars. She follows him, but turns back and whispers softly to the jungle.

ELLIE
Just stay alive, babe.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK GROUNDS NIGHT

GRANT, LEX, and TIM make their way through Jurassic Park. They're trying to stay in the greener areas, so the going is a little slow -- there's no path for them to follow.

And then there's the hand thing. Lex and Tim are firmly clamped onto Grant's hands, an idea which he looks like he is already beginning to regret.

They trudge on. Lex nudges Grant in the ribs and points over to Tim. He's more stumbling than walking, his eyes almost closed.

GRANT
I guess we could take another little
break, huh?

They slow and sit down on a fallen tree. Tim puts his head in Grant's lap and is almost asleep in a second. Lex leans on his arm and closes her eyes.

Grant looks at his wrist, but his watch is gone. He looks up at the moon, which is full.

Around them, there are RUSTLINGS as animals scurry through the underbrush here and there.

GRANT (cont.)
Kids. Kids, come on, wake up.
We can't sleep here.

The kids sit up.

TIM
I'm tired.

LEX
Me too.

GRANT
I know. But if we sleep down here
we might --
(euphemistically)
-- have problems.

He looks around for a secure place. He tilts his head back, looking above them. The kids follow his gaze, up, into the spreading branches of the trees above them.

IN ~~THE~~ A TREE,

the three of them climb. Grant is behind, watching the other two, giving them a push up when they need it.

TIM
I hate trees!

GRANT
That's an irrational fear, Tim.

LEX
(reproachfully)
We're not holding hands, you know.

GRANT
We will at the top.

TIM
What's irrational?

GRANT
Climb.

TIM
Wow!

He has reached a point near the top of the tree where several of the branches flatten out, forming the closest approximation of a solid area that they're going to find. Lex reaches that level, too and then finally Grant.

Now in the top of the tree, the three of them sit there, dangling their legs, looking out over the park.

It's an incredible view. ~~With the other trees below them,~~ They can see in all directions, and with the full moon, there's a lot of detail. Most striking of all are dozens of sauropod heads, at the end of long necks, that tower over the park.

TIM (cont.)
Those are apatosaurs!

GRANT
(impressed)
Yeah, they are. We must be in the sauropod paddock now.

Grant finds a solid web of branches and settles himself in it, leaning back against the trunk of the tree, with a little room on either side of him. The kids nestle up against him, one on either side. Grant holds them tight.

They stare out at the view, thinking their own thoughts. In a second, Tim's breathing is soft and regular.

LEX
(whispers)
If I were you, I'd be more scared of the Tyrannosaurus than of me.

Grant looks at her and smiles. He whispers back.

GRANT

Maybe I'm a little scared of both.

LEX

How come?

GRANT

(shrugs)

Everybody's scared of what they don't know. That's natural. Sometimes it's even good. Maybe your grandpa should have been a little more scared when he built this place.

LEX

You don't know girls?

GRANT

Not very many. And I guess I --

(pause)

-- haven't been very nice to the ones I did know.

LEX

On purpose?

GRANT

No. I --

(pause)

You just always think there's plenty of time.

LEX

Maybe you just need practice.

Grant smiles. Lex nods, satisfied, leans her head against his chest, and closes her eyes.

Grant thinks for a moment. He reaches down gently, takes each of the kids' hands in his, and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

Scaffolding and

INT VISITOR'S CENTER NIGHT

It's very late, coming up on very early. The moon is just setting, but at the moment its light still shines through the open ceiling of the visitor's center, illuminating the giant skeletons in the lobby. There's a large Condor crane next to the skeletons, which aren't yet finished, and ELLIE sits in the bucket of the crane, staring at the T-rex.

She's lost in deepest thought. She hasn't slept in a long time, and doesn't look like she could if she tried.

She gets up, hops over the railing of the crane, and drops to the floor of the lobby.

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

It's dark here too. ELLIE walks down the hallway of the visitor's center idly, running one hand along the wall. She passes an open doorway. She pauses, as there's a flickering light inside the room. She goes in.

INT CAFETERIA NIGHT

ELLIE comes into the darkened cafeteria, following the source of the flickering light. A single candle burns at a table in the corner.

JOHN HAMMOND sits at the table, alone. There is a bucket of ice cream in the middle, and he's eating a dish of it, staring down morosely.

Ellie draws up to the table. He looks up at her. His eyes are puffy, his hair is messed up -- he's the most subdued we've ever seen him.

HAMMOND
It was all melting.

Ellie just nods.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Sit down?

She does. He slides an extra spoon across the table to her. She picks it up, pulls the bucket over to her side of the table, and starts eating.

Silence for a moment.

HAMMOND (cont.)
This was not the vision. This is not at all how it was supposed to be.

ELLIE
Alan's too much of a show-off to die. He's strong. ~~a strong man. Strong and smart.~~ If anyone can make it back, he can.

Hammond looks up at her, as if something new has been added to his guilt.

HAMMOND
Oh, God, you're in love with him.

She nods. He looks down again, unable to face her. When he finally looks back up, there are tears in his eyes.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Did I play God?

Ellie looks at him, sympathetic, but not here to say what he wants to hear.

ELLIE
That's between you and Him.

Hammond nods and looks back down. He puts a hand to his eyes; he's losing his composure.

HAMMOND
If anything's happened to those kids --

He trails off.

After a moment, they go back to their ice cream. Hammond's spoon CLINKS against the dish.

ELLIE
It's good.

HAMMOND
Spared no expense.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT

JOHN ARNOLD, looking a wreck, sits at the computer terminal. He's the only one in the control room now, except for MULDOON, who is asleep in a chair behind him.

Arnold doggedly sorts through the computer system's line codes. One. ~~after the other.~~ By one. By one.

The codes BLIP by, reflected in his glasses.

A needle in a haystack.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK DAWN

The sun comes up over Jurassic Park. The danger of the night before is overcome by the sheer beauty of the place -- it really is like the Sarenghetti Plain.

Over at one edge of a great open field, a huge tree marks the border between the open area and the thick of the jungle.

UP IN THE TREE,

GRANT, TIM, and LEX are asleep in the branches of the tree. Lex is curled up under Grant's arm, Tim is spread out on a thick branch next to them.

A heavy shadow falls over all three of them, blocking out the sun entirely.

A brachiosaur's head slowly pushes right into the tree branches, right up beside them. It just hesitates there for a second, seemingly staring at them. It opens its mouth, very wide --

-- and CHOMPS down on a branch over their heads.

All three of them awaken with a start at the sound.

GRANT
Yah!

Tim just points, Lex opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

GRANT (cont.)
(quietly)
It's okay! It's okay! It's a brachiosaur.

LEX
Go away!

TIM
He only eats vegetables, Lex!

But Lex scrambles back, away from its mouth. Tim and Grant come together on the branch, just staring at the dinosaur as it eats its breakfast. Grant cocks his head, listening.

GRANT
Breathing seems labored, doesn't it?

TIM (what?)
Yeah.

Tim scampers up to a higher branch and reaches down, petting the brachiosaur's head while it chews. Grant maneuvers in closer. He reaches out and grabs hold of the thing's lip with both hands and pulls it down, revealing the jaw at work.

The brachiosaur either doesn't ~~seem to~~ notice or doesn't care, as it just keeps chewing.

Grant stares at a reddish, inflamed area on the creature's gum line. It seems to mean something to him.

GRANT
Huh.

The brachiosaur's head retreats, pulling back and up, up, up, turning its head to look at something further away.

~~Grant and the kids stare in wonder.~~

From far away, there is the sound of many other creatures HONKING -- ~~it's~~ a sound we haven't heard before.

The brachiosaur swings its head the other way and walks off, quickly.

ON THE GROUND,

Grant and the kids drop out of the tree. Grant looks around, getting his bearings.

GRANT
I'll be damned. Look.

He gestures across the open area. Less than a mile away, they can see the unfinished skeleton of the visitor's center, on top of a tall rise.

LEX
Is that -- home?

GRANT
You bet it is. I bet it won't take us more than --

From off to the side, the HONKING sound comes again, louder this time.

GRANT (cont.)
What *is* that?

He turns around, to face the direction the sound is coming from. He squints. All he can see is a cloud of dust, at the far end of the meadow. The HONKING is even louder now, accompanied by a low RUMBLE.

LEX

The cloud

Ducks?

~~TIM~~ GRANT
(low)

Duckbills~~?~~.

Grant ~~He~~ ~~Grant~~ takes a few steps toward the dust cloud. As he watches, ~~it~~ seems to grow larger, closer, and gradually he can make out shapes in the dust.

Dinosaurs. Dozens of them. All at once, he figures it out.

GRANT
STAMPEDE!

And that's exactly what it is, a stampede of at least forty dinosaurs, duckbills. ~~headed somewhere off to their left.~~ Now there is a ROAR, an all-too-familiar one, that seems to come from all around them.

They all whirl at the sound, but can't place it. They look back toward the stampede. A flock of birds is kicked up in its path, which startles the herd into changing direction, and now they're headed --

-- straight at Grant and the kids.

GRANT (cont.)
Oh, shit.

He grabs each of the kids by the arm.

GRANT (cont.)
MOVE!

The three of them take off, across the meadow, toward the relative cover of the jungle. It's a real footrace, but the herd is far faster, and Grant quickly realizes they're not going to make it.

The three of them jump over a huge root network from a couple of trees. There's space under it to hide, and Grant stops the kids, shoves them underneath, then follows them. They cower, covering their heads, as the herd THUNDERS over the roots.

Chunks of everything fly everywhere as the herd plows overhead, their clawed feet striking the roots dangerously close to Grant and the kids.

Finally, they pass. Grant peers up, over the top root. He looks toward the trees, which the herd is now running alongside.

A ROAR comes from somewhere within the trees.

Grant scans the trees, looking for any sign of the T-rex --

-- and then it bursts out, ahead of the herd, cutting them off, throwing them into disarry, scattering them everywhere.

Grant, Tim, and Lex stare as the rex kicks it into overdrive, runs down one of the duckbills, and sinks its teeth into its neck. The T-rex makes the kill, in a cloud of dust and debris.

Lex and Tim can only stare, their faces white, tears on their cheeks. Grant bends down and grabs both kids roughly.

GRANT
We're going to run. Now. While he's eating.

TIM
He's not supposed to be in here!

LEX
Timmy!
(to Grant)
I can do it!

TIM
He's not a herbivore!

Lex grabs Tim by the back of the shirt, shoves him up next to Grant, puts his hand roughly into Grant's, and grabs his other one.

LEX
A deal's a deal.

The T-rex ROARS, tilts its head to swallow --

-- and they take off, running as fast as they can across the open plain, toward the far-off visitor's center.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

HAMMOND, ELLIE, MULDOON, and HARDING, the veterinarian, are gathered around the console of JOHN ARNOLD. They all look like they've been up all night, but Arnold in particular looks like hell. He cradles a cup of coffee and stares up at the others from behind paranoid eyes.

ARNOLD
Like I said, it's kind of a crazy idea --

ELLIE

Just tell us!

ARNOLD
Okay. Whatever Nedry did, he covered his tracks incredibly well. I don't think I'm ever going to find the specific line code he used. If I can't find it, I can't countermand the order. But I got to thinking -- what if I just reset?

ELLIE
(understanding)
Yes!

MULDOON
What does it mean?

ARNOLD
If I shut down the entire system, his command will be wiped out and the system will come back on in its original start-up mode. We'll have everything back.

ELLIE
Including the phones?

ARNOLD
Everything.

ELLIE
Then do it! Now!

ARNOLD
I just don't know if it's that simple. Maybe everything will come back on, maybe it won't. I've never shut this system down before. I'm not a computer expert. Neither are you. And without phones, we can't talk to somebody who is.

Ellie runs her hand through her hair, trying to control her temper.

ELLIE
Okay. Consider your ass covered. But I don't see that we have any other options. ~~Will you~~ Just do it~~?~~

ARNOLD
Plus the safety systems don't allow the computer to be shut down and I'm afraid --

John Hammond, who has been sitting off to the side a little, looking kind of dazed, finally speaks up. Bellows, is more accurate, as his voice thunders through the room.

HAMMOND
PEOPLE ARE DYING!

They all turn and look at him. He stands there, trembling with rage and emotion, a shell of his former powerful self.

Arnold swallows. He gets to his feet. He walks slowly across the room to a red metal box on the wall. He takes a key from his belt, unlocks the door, and opens it.

There is a row of four switches inside. He flips them off, one by one, leaving only a single lever left.

His hand hovers over it.

ARNOLD
You asked for it -- and you got it.

He flips the lever. No ¶

~~The entire control room goes dark.~~ Every monitor, every terminal, every fluorescent light shuts out, plunging them into near-darkness.

They just sit in eerie stillness for a moment.

ELLIE
(hushed voice)
How long do we have to wait?

ARNOLD
'Bout thirty seconds.

There is a WHOOSH as Muldoon cranks open one of the venetian blinds, spilling a column of light through the room.

They wait, in tense silence.

Finally, Arnold turns back to the box. He flips the row of safety switches back on again, then hesitates by the main switch.

He throws it.

And nothing happens.

ARNOLD
Um --

Long Pause, etc.

ELLIE
Now we are in some serious shit.

HAMMOND
It's not on. Nothing's on. Arnold,
nothing is on!

MULDOON
There's a weapons locker ~~over here.~~ near the doors
I'll --

Arnold, who can't quite understand this, has gone to the main monitor and is staring at it raptly.

ARNOLD
(joyously)
HAH! Calm down, everybody!

They hurry over to the monitor and crane to look over his shoulder.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Look! See that! LOOK!

They stare at the monitor, which glows with a faint amber light, the only mechanical thing in the room that's on. The left hand corner of the screen displays two words --

>system ready.

Arnold looks at them, his face triumphant.

ARNOLD (cont.)
It's on! It work~~ed~~s!

ELLIE
So where's the power? There's no
power!

ARNOLD
The shut-down must have tripped the
circuit breakers. We just have to
turn them back on.

ELLIE
And everything will come back on?

ARNOLD
Mostly, yeah. We'll have to re-boot
the phones in here -- but it worked!
System ready!

ELLIE
Great. Where are the breakers?

ARNOLD
Out in the maintenance shed. Other end of the compound. We'll just have to watch the fences.

Robert Muldoon looks at him.

MULDOON
You mean the fences are still off?

ARNOLD
Yeah.

MULDOON
All of the fences?

ARNOLD
Yes.

Pause.

MULDOON
Including the velociraptor pen?

ARNOLD
Well -- yeah.

MULDOON
Jesus Christ.

ARNOLD
Hey, don't give me that shit! I told you everything was going to shut down!

MULDOON
Did it occur to you that we have to walk past the raptor pen to get to the maintenance shed?!

ARNOLD
I didn't know we'd have to go to the maintenance shed! I told you I'd never done it before!

ELLIE
Guys, we don't have time for this —

ARNOLD
Nedry had half the fences off all night anyway --

MULDOON
But not the raptor fence! Even Nedry knew that, for Christ's sake!

From the other side of the room, there is a loud metal CLANK. They all turn. Hammond stands next to a gray steel cabinet marked "ANIMAL SUPERVISOR," which he has just flung open, revealing an impressive array of weapons inside.

HAMMOND
Muldoon, Arnold and I are going out to the maintenance shed to flip the breakers, and then coming back here to get the phones back on line.

He tosses a short, big-barreled rocket launcher to Muldoon, who catches it with one hand. ~~He slings a canvas belt with six huge shells in it over his shoulder.~~

HAMMOND (cont.)
Dr. Sattler, Mr. Harding, take Gennaro and wait in my compound, that's the most secure place on the island.

MULDOON
Go with 'em, John. Arnold and I can handle this.

Harding looks at them, concerned.

HARDING
What are you going to do to the animals?

MULDOON
I think the question is -- what are they going to do to us?

CUT TO:

EXT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY

HAMMOND and MULDOON step out the front of the visitor's center -- Hammond with a shotgun, Muldoon with the cannon-lookin' thing. ~~Even~~ The compound feels different ~~now~~ now -- more of the jungle ~~now~~ than of civilization.

They look both ways, and come down the main steps. Then the others follow -- HARDING, ELLIE, and ARNOLD, carrying the unconscious body of GENNARO.

There are two paths coming out of the center, and Hammond and Muldoon start off to the left.

ON THE PATH,

they walk quickly, Muldoon in front, Hammond in the rear, weapons at the ready. ~~Up ahead, the fence surrounding Hammond's compound rises up quickly.~~

INSIDE ~~THE~~ HAMMOND'S COMPOUND,

the large steel gates that lead into Hammond's compound swing open. Muldoon and Hammond stand guard as the rest of the group hurries through the fence.

Ellie looks up at the fence. The strobe lights are still out.

As the last of them go through, Hammond follows them in, leaving Arnold and Muldoon on the outside. Hammond swings the door shut with a resounding CLANG that makes Arnold jump.

Muldoon and Arnold look through the bars at Hammond.

HAMMOND
Be careful.

MULDOON
No shit.

EXT PATH DAY

MULDOON and ARNOLD creep cautiously down the central path, headed for the other side of the visitor's compound. Up ahead, the huge raptor pen stands silently, surrounded and penetrated by jungle.

Muldoon raises his weapon into a ready position. Arnold slows, nervous.

MULDOON
Keep moving!

Arnold does, faster. But as they draw closer to the pen, both of them slow, finally stopping in their tracks, staring silently at the fence that surrounds the pen.

There's a hole in it.

The metal is twisted, as if gnawed, and the hole is large enough for an animal to slip through.

ARNOLD
Oh God. Aw, God.

Muldoon squats near the hole, looking at the ground. He sees 3 sets of footprints. He ~~whirls,~~ follows them with his eyes. They head off in all directions, but all lead into the jungle foliage on either side of them.

ARNOLD (cont.)
~~It's~~ The shed's only about fifty yards ahead! We can make it if we run!

Muldoon turns his head sharply, as if he heard something.

~~ARNOLD (cont.)~~
~~Come on! We can run and make it!~~

MULDOON
No, we can't.

ARNOLD
Why the hell not?!

Muldoon stands up, moving very slowly.

MULDOON
Because we're being hunted.

Arnold's blood goes cold. He doesn't move.

ARNOLD
Where?

MULDOON
The bushes, to your left.

Arnold turns, very slowly, to face the bushes. At first, he doesn't see anything, but then there's something very faint, like a shifting of the light, and a shadow seems to move in the bush, RUSTLING the leaves.

~~Muldoon~~ OK

~~MULDOON (cont.)~~
~~It's all right.~~

A Like hell it is!

~~He~~ Muldoon raises his weapon slowly to his shoulder.

MULDOON ~~(cont.)~~
Walk, towards the shed. I've got him.

Arnold starts back up, down the path, slowly. Muldoon follows behind him, ~~walking backwards, ready with his gun.~~ keeping his gun trained on the bushes The shadow ~~in the bushes~~ moves too, at an even pace with them.

MULDOON (cont.)
I'll stop, you go ahead. He'll stay with me.

ARNOLD
But you --

MULDOON
Go!

Arnold keeps on, towards the shed, but Muldoon stays where he is. The shadow in the bushes slows and stops, even with Muldoon. Muldoon ~~raises his gun,~~ tries to aim, but can't quite get a decent shot, not with it hidden in the foliage like this.

MULDOON (cont.)
Come on -- just one shot --

He pulls another shell from his belt and shoves it up, into the belly of the gun, which accepts it with a faint electric SIZZLE.

Muldoon turns, looking toward the shed. He can just see Arnold opening the door, far in the distance. He takes a step back, toward the shed. By the time Muldoon looks back it's motionless again.

ZIP! The raptor moves, fast as hell, a few feet forward in the foliage. The R's ~~It's~~ closer now, almost on top of Muldoon, and its breathing is audible, coming in quick, excited bursts.

But it's partially exposed. A portion of its gray flank sticks out between the bushes, giving Muldoon a good crippling shot.

His mouth twitches into a grin. He raises his weapon and takes aim.

MULDOON (cont.)
Gotcha.

As he aims, the raptor starts to rise. It stands, slowly, revealing itself from the foliage. It's a terrifying thing, like a smaller, meaner version of the T-rex.

It opens its jaws slowly and HISSES at Muldoon.

Muldoon closes one eye. His finger tenses on the trigger.

Suddenly his smile vanishes, both eyes pop open, and a terrible thought sweeps across his face.

MULDOON (cont.)
Hey, where's --

The attack comes, with a ROAR, as the other two raptors come flashing out of nowhere, descending on Muldoon from both sides. His gun doesn't even go off, as they're on him in a second, SNAPPING and TEARING.

Pack hunters.

CUT TO:

EXT JUNGLE DAY

GRANT, TIM, and LEX scramble through the jungle, completely out of breath, exhausted. Grant practically drags them up the last hill, but they make it, and collapse at the base of the high fence that surrounds the main compound.

They lie on the ground for a moment, spent. Grant sits up first and looks up at the fence. It must be over twenty feet high.

Grant gets up. He looks at one of the warning lights ~~terminals.~~ on the fence. It's out. He picks up a stick and pokes the wire. No sparks fly.

GRANT
Power's still off. It's a pretty big climb, though. You both think you can make it?

TIM
I don't know --

LEX
What if I fall?

Far in the distance, the T-rex ROARS.

Both kids jump up and hit the fence.

CUT TO:

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS DAY

CLOSE ON ~~ELLIE'S FOOT~~ Ellie's foot as she laces up a running shoe. ELLIE, HAMMOND, GENNARO, and HARDING are in the living room of Hammond's private quarters, which have the look of an expensive safari lodge.

Hammond still has the gun, and looks worried as hell, watching Ellie lace up.

HAMMOND
You don't have to be the one to go.

ELLIE
Anybody think they're faster?

E
lack, either the power should be on or they should be back. Something went wrong.

Harding and Hammond just look at each other.

HAMMOND
It doesn't matter. It should be one of the men. ~~should go.~~

ELLIE
We'll discuss sexism in survival situations when I get back.

She takes a walkie-talkie off the couch and shoves it in her belt. She tosses the other one to Hammond, who catches it.

ELLIE (cont.)
Just talk me through it.

EXT COMPOUND DAY

HAMMOND and ELLIE head for the gate in front of his compound. The wind is picking up now, blowing leaves everywhere. Hammond holds onto his hat as he reaches for the gate. His hand pauses on the latch.

He looks back at Ellie. She's just standing in the middle of his compound, taking deep breaths, shaking out her legs.

She nods to him. Hammond opens the gate.

Ellie takes one last breath --

-- and takes off!

ON THE PATH,

Ellie sprints out the open gate and down the path, as fast as she can. She tears along for all she's worth, hardly even flinching at the sound of the gate CLANGING shut far behind her.

She's fast as hell, and in a second she's to the raptor pen. She slows, letting out a little SHRIEK as she sees Muldoon's body, gored in the middle of the path, but she doesn't dare slow down, just VAULTS over the body, landing on the other side, legs still pumping, the maintenance shed now only a few yards away, its door hanging open.

She sails through the doorway.

IN THE SHED,

she SLAMS the door shut behind her and leans against it, breathing hard.

She made it.

CUT TO:

EXT JUNGLE DAY

A hand comes into the foreground and takes a firm grip on one of the tight fence cables. Another hand follows it, then a third, then three more hands.

GRANT, TIM, and LEX climb the fence, pulling themselves up by the tension wires, crawling right past a "DANGER!" sign that tells them this fence ought to be electrified.

They're about halfway up.

INT MAINTENANCE SHED DAY

ELLIE is still at the door in the shed, catching her breath. She pulls the radio out of her belt and raises it to her mouth.

ELLIE
(into radio)
I made it.

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS DAY

HAMMOND closes his eyes with relief. He speaks into his radio.

HAMMOND
Head straight down the main stair
and turn left at the bottom.

INT MAINTENANCE SHED DAY

ELLIE isn't listening. She's looking down at her left hand, with which she was holding onto the stair rail. There's wet paint on her palm, and a sign to that effect over the rail.

HAMMOND (o.s.)
(on radio)
Ellie?

Ellie snaps out of it.

ELLIE
Right. Got it.

She makes her way down the main stairwell. She turns left and starts down a long corridor. There is a maze of pipes, ducts, and electrical work on both sides of her.

EXT JUNGLE DAY

GRANT and the KIDS are now ~~at~~ near the top of the fence. ~~They swing over, and start their climb down.~~ A warning light, next to Grant's hand, is still out.

INT SHED DAY

ELLIE moves down the corridor. A dead end is visible up ahead. She speaks into the radio, frightened.

ELLIE
There's a dead end!

HAMMOND (o.s.)
(on radio)
That's good! The junction box is all the way at the end on the left. It has a blue door.

As Ellie reaches the end of the corridor, she sees a blue door hanging open on the left side. She furrows her brow, not liking that.

ELLIE
(into radio)
Okay -- I see it.

She pushes the door open even further, revealing a vast array of breakers and switches inside.

ELLIE (cont.)
Which ones do I turn on?

HAMMOND (o.s.)
Anything that's off! Isn't there an instruction sheet on the inside of the door?!

Ellie looks on the inside of the door, where a white piece of paper is taped. She shoves the radio in her belt and scans it.

EXT JUNGLE DAY

GRANT and the KIDS ~~have started the climb down.~~ swing over the top of the fence & start the climb down.

INT SHED DAY

ELLIE's hand moves rapidly, flicking the circuit breakers back on, one by one. She looks back to the door panel.

ELLIE
(reading)
-- "primary engage" --

She looks back to the panel, running her finger over the switches. There is a large, square white button with just those words on it.

She pushes it.

EXT JUNGLE DAY

A warning light next to GRANT's head flashes once, coming back to life. Grant's eyes go wide. He looks at his hands, which are straddling one of the danger signs. He lets go, dropping the last few feet to the ground.

He looks up at the KIDS, still near the top.

GRANT
Hurry! Both of you!

INT SHED DAY

ELLIE is back at the instructions.

ELLIE
" -- main connection lever -- "

She looks all the way to the right of the junction box, and sees it, a long, gray lever.

She reaches for it.

INT JUNGLE DAY

GRANT catches LEX, who drops the last few feet off the fence. He looks up at TIM, who is still far up, near the top, in fact, and has slowed considerably.

he

GRANT
Come on, Tim!

Grant looks at the warning light, which is now flashing faster.

GRANT (cont.)
MOVE! DAMN IT!

INT SHED DAY

ELLIE reaches for the gray lever. Her hands lock around it.

She pulls it.

But nothing happens.

ELLIE
Huh.

EXT JUNGLE DAY

The fence is now starting to HUM slightly. TIM, terrified, has frozen where he is.

GRANT
Tim -- you have to let go!

TIM
NO!

LEX
Timmy!

INT SHED DAY

ELLIE is back at the door panel, reading the instructions.

ELLIE
" -- and return to ready position."
Okay, I got it.

She closes her hands around the gray bar again.

ELLIE (cont.)
Here goes nothin'.

EXT JUNGLE DAY

GRANT and LEX are both screaming at TIM.

GRANT
I will catch you! I promise!
~~Just trust me!~~ JUST LET GO!

~~Tim~~ Tim hesitates, then -- lets go. He drops, like a stone.

~~and~~ But Grant catches him. The kid THUDS into his chest and both of them crash to the ground.

INT SHED DAY

ELLIE throws the lever back into its ready position. There is a low HUM in the shed and the fluorescent lights come on, one by one.

ELLIE
Thank God.

~~ROOOOAAAARRRRRRR!!!!~~

A raptor appears, out of nowhere, and SLASHES out at Ellie from behind the control panel. It takes a lunging sweep at her, but it gets stuck, its feet and legs tangled in the maze of pipes on the floor.

Ellie, ~~frantic,~~ Shouts backs up into the pipes on the other side of the aisle, frantic,

A dead arm falls onto her shoulder. Ellie SCREAMS and spins away. The arm falls to the ground.

Now, facing the other way for the first time, Ellie sees JOHN ARNOLD --

-- or what's left of him, lying in the tangle of pipes just past the control panel. She takes off, running as fast as she can, back the way she came.

After a moment, the raptor finally untangles itself from the pipes and gives chase. This is our first Good look at ~~chance to see~~ the thing moving out in the open, and if it weren't so terrifying, we could admit that it truly is a thing of beauty. It's intensely muscled, and coordinated as hell, a smoothly designed predator.

But Ellie's in no mood to admire it. She reaches the stairs and hits them, hard, flying up them. The raptor must have hit them shortly after, she can hear the CLICKING and CLANGING as it tries to scramble up them, but she doesn't look back.

She reaches the top, throws open the door, throws herself outside --

EXT SHED DAY

-- and SLAMS the door behind her, just as the raptor's head SNARLS at her from near the top of the stairs.

It hits the door, hard, CLANGING into it, but the door holds fast.

CUT TO:

INT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY

GRANT, TIM, and LEX come into the deserted visitor's center. Grant calls out, loud.

GRANT

HELLO?!

There's no answer. He kneels down, to talk to the kids.

~~GRANT (cont.)~~

~~Made it, didn't we?~~

~~They nod, smiling.~~

GRANT (cont.)

Okay, we're ~~you'll be~~ safe here. You must be starving. See if you can find some food in the cafeteria.

TIM

Okay!

GRANT

I'll find the others.

Tim and Lex run off down the hallway to the cafeteria. Grant starts up the stairs to the second floor.

INT CORRIDOR DAY

GRANT comes down the second floor hallway, which is also deserted. He leans up against the window to the hatchery, cupping his hands around his eyes to look inside.

But it's empty, lit only by the blue-green of the ultraviolets.

CUT TO:

INT CAFETERIA DAY

TIM and LEX are in the cafeteria. They walk among the empty tables, all of which have chairs on them except for one, the one Hammond and Ellie were at the night before.

They stop in the middle of the room, eyes wide.

TIM

Do you see what I see?!

LEX

Yeah!

They take off, across the room, to an all-you-can-eat cafeteria counter that's set up near the doors to the kitchen. It looks at least a day old, but they're not fussy.

They dig in, right at the counter.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

GRANT comes in the double doors to the control room. Nobody there.

GRANT

What the hell?

CUT TO:

INT CAFETERIA DAY

TIM and LEX are eating right from the trough. They hear a NOISE from the doorway and whirl, food in their hands.

It's GRANT.

GRANT

Didn't mean to scare you. I'm

going to look over at your grandpa's.
Stay put, okay?

They nod, their mouths full. Grant smiles, turns, and walks away. As he goes across the lobby of the visitor's center, they can see his silhouette, moving through a translucent mural that ~~shows~~ depicts dinosaurs in various natural settings.

Food piled high on their trays, the kids move to the table. Lex has all vegetables; Tim has all desserts.

LEX
Check it out -- no meat. I'm a
herbivore.

TIM
Check it out. I'm a dessertivore.

Lex laughs. Tim rocks in his seat, HUMMING as he eats.

TIM (cont.)
Hey, you know what?

He looks up, but freezes when he sees Lex's face. She's staring over his shoulder, eyes wide, a spoonful of Jell-o halfway to her mouth. Her hand shakes. The Jell-o quivers.

TIM (cont.)
Lex?

Behind him, one of the silhouettes on the mural is a raptor, in a hunting pose. While Lex stares at it, the silhouette of a real raptor moves out from behind it and creeps forward, in the lobby of the visitor's center.

Lex ducks down, under the table.

Tim turns around. He watches the raptor silhouette move behind the mural.

Tim moves fast, bolting under the table with Lex.

UNDER THE TABLE,

Lex peeks out from behind the table cloth. She can't see anything, but can hear the CLICKING of the raptor's claws on the floor as it enters the cafeteria.

~~THUMP! The raptor steps up next to the table. Lex's head darts back under the table.~~

~~UNDER THE TABLE,~~

Tim and Lex look at each other, terrified, as the raptor feet walk right up to the table. They watch the feet as they circle the table. The claws leave long, deep scratches in the wood floor.

They jump as a second pair of feet appears, on the other side of the table. Tim almost screams, but claps his hands over his mouth. Food drops and splatters on the floor as the raptors eat whatever's on the table.

One set of raptor feet leap sharply into the air, kicking one of the chairs. The chair sails across the floor and SMASHES into another table, ~~taking i~~t out ~~completely.~~ like a bowling ball.
wiping

Tim and Lex cower under the table, but the tablecloth starts to rise up, pulled from above. It rises higher, threatening to expose them, until Lex reaches up and tugs it back down, slowly. Food falls from the table as she does so.

A raptor's head bends down to the floor and starts to eat the spilled food. Tim and Lex open their mouths to scream, but no sound comes out. The raptor finishes and lifts up again.

Tim and Lex look up, at the table above them. Through the glass top, they can see the shadows of the raptors and the food on the white tablecloth.

ON THE TABLE,

a raptor's foot kicks over a can of clear soda. It GLUGS out onto the tablecloth.

UNDER THE TABLE,

Tim and Lex watch as the spill gets bigger and bigger, and with a disturbing effect -- the spill is making the wet tablecloth transparent. They can see the raptor's head clearly through it, and surely it can see them.

ON THE TABLE,

the first raptor stands on the table, eating and scattering food. The second raptor crouches and springs up on the table, rocking it and pushing the first raptor to the edge.

CRASH! flips

The table ~~starts to~~ [illegible] ~~SMASHES~~ over, exposing the kids, but dumping the raptors on the other side. The kids are momentarily hidden from the raptors by the overturned table.

The raptors turn to the open buffet, and the kids take advantage of the distraction. They start to roll the table toward the door to the kitchen, scurrying along, hidden behind it.

The doorway to the kitchen is open ahead of them. With the raptors GROWLING and CHEWING in the background, Tim and Lex scamper into the kitchen, leaving the overturned table behind.

INT KITCHEN DAY

TIM pulls the shiny metal door shut as quietly as he possibly can. With a distinctive CLICK, it latches shut. But there's no lock.

He slides down on the floor beside LEX, breathing hard. They look around the room, frantically, and whisper to each other.

TIM
There's no other way out!

LEX
We'll have to wait until they leave!

CUT TO:

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS DAY

now back in Hammond's qters w/ the others & apparently briefed)

GRANT, RACKS the bolt on a ten gauge shotgun. He turns to ELLIE. ~~They're both now in Hammond's quarters, with HAMMOND, HARDING, and the unconscious GENNARO.~~

GRANT (to Hammond)
Don't worry. I brought 'em this far, I'll get your kids back.

Hammond nods, numbly.

ELLIE
I'll go with you.

Grant just nods, throwing a belt full of shells over his shoulder.

GRANT
There's just the two raptors, right? You're sure the third one's contained?

ELLIE
Unless they figured out how to open doors.

CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN DAY

A raptor's head pops into view, visible through the round window in the middle of the cafeteria door. It just looks for a moment, its breath steaming up the window. It butts its head against the door, ~~but it doesn't move.~~ futilely.

TIM and LEX cower behind a large steel cabinet at the other end of the room, hidden from the view of the raptor. They watch, terrified, as the raptor hits its head against the door again.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

But the door doesn't budge.

OUT IN THE CAFETERIA,

the raptor SNARLS and looks down, tilting its head at the door handle, trying to figure it out. ~~Don't have a lot of these in the jungle.~~

IN THE KITCHEN,

wideeyed

Tim and Lex stare in shock as the door handle starts to turn. They suck their breath in and --

-- the door opens. The first raptor stands in the doorway, drawing itself up to its full height.

It ~~ROARS.~~ SNARLS.

Tim and Lex start to crawl away, around to the other side of the counter. As the raptor moves down the first aisle, they move in the opposite direction, up the second.

As they pass the raptor feet, Lex freezes, staring at them under the counter. Tim doesn't notice Lex isn't with him any more until he ~~rounds a corner near the door to the cafeteria.~~ nears the end of the aisle.

He turns back, to look for her, and as he does he brushes against some hanging kitchen utensils.

~~He freezes.~~ The first raptor whirls at the sound. Tim & Lex freeze~~s~~ where ~~she is.~~ they are. ~~Tim crawls back around the corner, to the same aisle as Lex. She looks at him. He looks at her.~~

~~The first raptor starts to move toward the door, near the sound,~~ and Now the second raptor comes in the door.

Tim looks around, frantically, for a better place to hide. Lex sees a steel cabinet behind her, its sliding door slid up and open. She crawls inside, silently.

Now, as the first raptor~~s~~ moves back toward him, Tim doubles back the way he came, further into the kitchen. Can't keep this up much longer. He looks ahead, to the end of his aisle.

There's a walk-in freezer ~~up ahead~~ in the far wall, with a pin-locking handle.

At the other end of the aisle Lex, now inside the steel cabinet, tries to pull the door down to conceal herself, but it's stuck. The metal GRINDS as she pulls harder.

The first raptor hears. It turns, sees Lex's reflection on a shiny cabinet front, and starts toward her.

Lex tries frantically to lower the cabinet door.

The raptor ducks its head, going into a pre-attack crouch.

Tim makes a break for the walk-in freezer.

The second raptor spots him. It whirls, its tail THWACKING a food cart up against the wall.

Tim races toward the freezer. The raptor charges after him, just open floor space between them.

Lex tugs on the cover, to no avail, her raptor LUNGES --

-- and THUDS into the shiny surface bearing her reflection. It ~~He~~ chased the wrong image. ~~He~~ It sags to the floor, semi-conscious.

At the other end of the aisle, the real Lex SCREAMS as the second raptor bears down on Tim. Tim reaches the freezer, rips the door open, and dashes inside. But the floor is cold and slick and his feet go right out from under him. He sprawls across the floor --

-- and the raptor sprawls across him, unable to stop itself quickly on the tile floor. The raptor smashes into a supply shelf, Tim scrambles to his feet and out of the freezer.

Lex SLAMS the door shut, just as Tim is clear. The raptor ROARS and SCREAMS inside, but Lex jams the pin through the handle, locking it in.

~~She and Tim look at each other. They make a break for it.~~

INT CAFETERIA DAY

TIM and LEX run as fast as they can, across the cafeteria. They stare back over their shoulders as they run, and a dark shape looms up in front of them that they don't even see.

They CRASH into it, fall back to the floor, and look up.

GRANT and ELLIE stand over them.

GRANT
~~Thank God!~~ Are you okay?!

He bends down, Tim and Lex leap to their feet, and they all throw their arms around one another, hugging tightly. ~~Ellie looks at Grant, taken aback, as he holds the kids tight.~~

~~She smiles.~~

But Grant's ~~Grant opens his eyes, and his own~~ smile suddenly vanishes. He straightens up, moves the kids quietly behind him, and pulls the gun off his shoulder.

GRANT (cont.)
Get behind me.

The others look up, at what he's looking at.

The first raptor has regained consciousness and is standing in the doorway from the kitchen, staring at them.

Ellie huddles the two kids close, and they stand behind Grant. He raises the gun, pointing it straight at the raptor's head.

The raptor crouches. It starts to advance. Slowly. Smoothly. Stalking.

ELLIE
Shoot it, Alan!

Grant closes one eye, focusing on the raptor. The raptor's tail goes up as it moves into its crouched position, ready to spring.

Grant squeezes the trigger.

Nothing happens.

TIM
The safety's on!

GRANT
The what?

The raptor pounces. Grant SHOUTS and falls back, into a pile of boxes. The raptor sails over his head, lands on its feet, and turns to Ellie, who is hugging the two kids close to her in abject fear.

Grant rolls over into a sitting position, FLICKS the safety off, and FIRES, twice. The enormous blasts catch the raptor in the side of the head and body.

The raptor staggers, flailing its arms to grab hold of something. Its talons fall on a life-size cardboard cutout of John Hammond. The claws rip through Hammond's head, the raptor collapses to the floor --

-- and dies.

GRANT
Let's go!

He slings the gun over his shoulder, grabs the two kids, and heads for the door.

Ellie follows, but pauses in the door to the lobby. She's staring at the lobby floor, where a set of footprints leads into the visitor's center from the front doors. They're animal prints, but sticky and yellow. There's only a few clear ones, then they grow faint + disappear as they ~~[illegible]~~ go further into the center

Ellie flips her hand over and looks at her palm. It's sticky and yellow, where she touched the wet paint.

ELLIE

Hey --

But Grant reaches over and grabs her by the arm, tugging her toward the stairs.

GRANT

Let's _go_!

They race across the lobby and up the steps to the second floor.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

The door to the control room SMACKS open. GRANT, ELLIE, and the KIDS burst in. Grant locks the door behind them and they head straight for the main computer terminal.

ELLIE

Arnold said the phone system had to be re-booted here.

TIM

You mean we can call for help?

~~ALAN~~ GRANT

In a second, Tim.

He sits at the chair in front of the computer screen. The screen is flashing at him, dominated by a maze-like grid (see appendix C).

Grant just blinks at it.

GRANT (cont.)

Is there like a power switch or something?

Ellie drags him out of the chair and slides into it.

ELLIE

~~For you, that's a cry for~~

~~First time in my life I heard you ask for help.~~

She studies the grid.

ELLIE ~~(cont.)~~

It would be communications, something like that --

Grant reaches over and touches the screen, pointing to something.

GRANT

What about this?

The screen BEEPS and the grid changes completely. Ellie SLAPS his hand.

GRANT (cont.)

I'm sorry!

She punches a few more keys and the original screen comes back.

ELLIE

Here! "Telecom!"

She TAPS the keys.

CUT TO:

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS DAY

HAMMOND and HARDING are huddled over GENNARO, who is starting to look a little delirious. The phone RINGS. They look at each other, wide-eyed, and lunge for it.

Hammond gets it first.

HAMMOND

Grant?!

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

All the screens in the control room have come alive now, and data is scrolling by at incredible speed as every remaining system in the park comes back on line. ELLIE is still at the keyboard, GRANT is on the phone, and the KIDS huddle near them, not about to go anywhere.

GRANT

Ellie's got the phones back on! Call the mainland! Have them send the helicopter!

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS DAY

HAMMOND is on the phone.

HAMMOND
The kids, Grant! Are they okay?

GRANT (o.s.)
They're fine, they're --

Suddenly Grant stops in the middle of his sentence. A SCREAM cuts in, then three GUNSHOTS, fast, and a horrible CLUNKING as the phone is dropped.

HAMMOND
Grant! Grant!

But there's no answer.

INT CONTROL ROOM DAY

Grant's rifle lies on the floor, smoking, several spent shells alongside it. The front window of the control room has three huge impact shatter patterns in the glass, where the gunshots hit.

Feet race up a ladder as GRANT helps TIM up through a ceiling panel and into the ceiling crawl space.

GRANT
Hurry!

LEX and ELLIE look down from the ceiling, where they are already. Grant looks over to the front window, scared as hell, just as --

caps

-- it SHATTERS in a shower of glass as the last of those fucking raptors explodes into the control room. It lands on its feet in the middle of the floor, swiveling its head, ~~looking for Grant. It takes two steps, leaving faint yellow footprints.~~

~~The phone, on the floor, still SQUAWKS with Hammond's voice. The raptor bends over it and crushes it in its mouth.~~

Grant vaults himself up into the ceiling. The raptor whirls, ~~sensing the movement.~~

IN THE CRAWL SPACE,

Grant, Ellie, and the kids dash across the ceiling panels, moving fast but carefully so as not to break through the soft areas.

The raptor's head SMASHES through a panel behind them as it leaps up at them.

They keep moving forward. Now the raptor's head SMASHES through a panel in front of them, SNAPPING inches away from them.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM,

the raptor lands, regains its balance, and leaps again, SMASHING through the ceiling panels. It lands again, missing its prey.

IN THE CRAWL SPACE,

Grant looks around frantically and spots an air duct a few yards away.

GRANT
Into the air duct!

They move for it, but the raptor's head CRASHES through the ceiling again, this time right underneath Lex. She screams and falls back, but Grant is right there, SMASHING his boot into the side of the raptor's head. The raptor SNAPS, taking the whole sole of the boot down with it as it falls.

Lex spins into the hole in the ceiling, but Ellie grabs her by the collar. Below, the raptor is just getting to its feet as Ellie jerks Lex back into the ceiling.

The raptor springs, but too late. Ellie and Lex scramble over to the air duct and join Grant and Tim inside it.

IN THE AIR DUCT,

Grant, Ellie, and the kids crawl through the air duct as fast as they can, the thin metal BOOMING around them. They reach a metal grate that shows daylight beneath. Grant reaches out and pulls it up.

Through the grate, they can see the lobby of the visitor's center below. They're directly above the skeletons of the dinosaurs, the T-rex and the sauropod it's attacking. The unfinished skeletons are surrounded by scaffolding.

GRANT
Down through here!

IN THE LOBBY,

Grant and the others climb down out of the airduct and onto a platform of the scaffolding. The large condor crane that Ellie sat in earlier is next to the scaffolding, and they jump down onto it.

Grant looks at the controls, trying to figure out how to take ~~it~~ this thing down, as it's too far to jump.

The group has only been under siege for a few minutes now, but they're all wired, white as ghosts, gripping the railings of the condor tightly.

GRANT
(punching buttons)
Come on -- come on --

He finds a key and turns it. The condor engine COUGHS and SPUTTERS to life. Exhaust fumes pour out the tailpipe of the unit, down on the lobby floor some twenty feet below.

GRANT (cont.)
All right!

He throws a lever and the condor shudders to life, starting to move down.

Suddenly, there is the piercing, painful SHRIEK of claws on metal --

-- and the raptor flies out of the air duct.

Grant and the others SHOUT as the raptor lands on the scaffold platform, which sways from the impact. The condor moves down, but slowly, as the raptor scrambles for purchase on the platform. It kicks several buckets of paint off the edge, which hit the floor and explode, sending paint flying everywhere.

Grant moves the condor away from the raptor, but the animal springs, right for it, and lands on the railing, making the thing tip drastically to the right.

Gets up.

They're all sent flying. Ellie lands on the T-rex skeleton and ~~falls~~ down, onto its leg. Grant is thrown over the side of the condor platform but manages to hold onto the railing, and dangles there. Tim and Lex are tossed into the rib cage of the T-rex and land, with a CRUNCH.

The raptor falls all the way to the floor, but springs up, least hurt of anyone.

Ellie reaches up, grabbing the skeleton's forelimb, but it SNAPS in her hands. She falls, backwards, but manages to hang on, her legs curled around the leg bone.

The raptor SNARLS at her, leaping up from the floor, SNAPPING its jaws just inches from her face.

Ellie SCREAMS and pulls herself up to higher ground, on top of the leg bone.

The raptor leaps up, onto the sauropod skeleton, and climbs toward them, fast and graceful.

The skeletons' ceiling cables strain at the extra weight, chunks of plast~~er flaking down on them.~~ CRUNCHING free.

Grant, still hanging from the condor railing, manages to pull himself back up onto the platform and right it.

The raptor, meanwhile, SNAPS at Tim and Lex, who are, for the moment, safely protected by the bones that make up the T-rex's rib cage. The raptor can't bite through them, although it tries.

Ellie, who still has the broken hunk of forelimb in her hand, hurls it at the raptor, but it bounces off harmlessly. The raptor whirls, climbs higher on the skeleton, and SNAPS at her, from the other side of the T-rex's open jaws.

One of the ceiling cables SNAPS and ~~shoots~~ fires down ~~at them~~ like a bullet, actually SMACKING Ellie in the back.

She nearly falls, but Grant reaches down from the condor platform, grabs her by the ~~collar~~ arm, and hoists her all the way back onto the condor.

The raptor lunges forward, between the T-rex's open jaws, and SNAPS at Ellie, actually sinking its teeth into the flesh of her calf before losing its grip.

Ellie SCREAMS as Grant pulls her aboard the condor.

The raptor grabs onto the lower railing of the condor platform and tries to pull itself in, but it's now stuck in the jaws of the T-rex.

GRANT
(to Ellie)
Hold on!

He ~~throws~~ hits the DOWN lever of the condor and ~~[illegible]~~ throws the throttle wide open. The condor ROARS to life, smoke billows out the back~~, and~~ the thing starts to descend, the raptor clinging to the underside, trying like hell to climb up but still wedged in the T-rex jaws

~~It goes~~

~~But it's going~~ The condor moves inexorably down, right on top of the T-rex skeleton, ~~and~~ crushing it as it goes. Bones SNAP like matchsticks as the thing is crushed.

Grant remembers the kids, still in the ribcage, and SHOUTS to them.

GRANT (cont.)
Get out of there!

As the ribcage collapses around them, the kids squeeze out between the bones, tumble to the lobby floor, and get the hell out of the way.

The condor keeps going down. The ceiling cables are at their absolute limit now, starting to spin apart. The raptor HOWLS, trapped in the jaws of the rex, which are clamping down as the condor compresses the skeleton.

Its forelimbs claw desperately at the condor platform, leaving deep, bloody scratches. All at once --

-- the skeleton cables SNAP.

The condor drops the last six feet, hard, completely smashing the skeleton. The T-rex jaws slam shut as the massive head hits the floor, sinking deep into the raptor. The raptor SCREAMS, the condor WHINES as it pushes down, squeezing both living and fossilized dinosaur between the floor and the lift, and then --

-- the raptor's howls cease. A huge pool of blood seeps out between the condor and the floor.

Grant turns it off.

He ~~goes~~ moves to Ellie. He rips his shirt off and wraps it quickly around her calf, to stop the bleeding. She looks up at him.

No words necessary. He puts his arms around her and pulls her close to him. He closes his eyes and holds her as tightly as he possibly can.

ACROSS THE LOBBY,

JOHN HAMMOND stands in the doorway, tears in his eyes. Tim and Lex race across the floor and hit him like a ton of bricks. He drops to his knees, holds both of them in his arms at once, and kisses them desperately.

HAMMOND
Thank God. Thank God.

CUT TO:

EXT HELICOPTER LANDING PAD DAY

The helicopter rotors spin slowly to life as ELLIE and HARDING carefully load the still-unconscious body of GENNARO aboard. TIM and LEX are already inside, strapping themselves in.

GRANT and HAMMOND walk slowly from the jeep to the helicopter.

HAMMOND
The Costa Rican National Guard is

on its way. They're going to kill them. They're scared as hell.

GRANT
They should be. Come on.

But Hammond has stopped in his tracks. Grant turns back.

HAMMOND
I'm not going.

GRANT
Don't be ridiculous, John, you --

HAMMOND
The fences are all back on, I'll be fine. I brought these things into this world, I'm going to make sure they go out properly. I think I owe that.

Grant looks at him, debating whether or not to tell him something. He decides he has to.

GRANT
John -- they would have all been dead in six months anyway. Every dinosaur Ellie and I saw had some sort of modern bacterial infection. You put 'em in a world they just weren't equipped for.

HAMMOND
I knew. I didn't know why they were dying, but I knew.

GRANT
Why didn't you shut down?

HAMMOND
I thought I could fix it. I thought --

Hammond looks up, to the sky, and he is a man who finally sees the folly of everything he believed.

HAMMOND (cont.)
-- I could control it.

Over at the chopper, the blades are really spinning now, the engines WHINING, ready to go.

IN THE CHOPPER,

Grant sits in a corner, with Ellie, Tim and Lex, as the helicopter lifts off the ground. They stare, out the windows, as Hammond takes off his hat and waves it to them, growing smaller and smaller, until he's just a dot standing in the middle of the open area.

They turn their heads. All around the park, dinosaurs do what dinosaurs do. ~~Ellie~~ They all just stare at them, so harmless from up here.

Ellie looks at Grant.

ELLIE
Even after what happened, it makes
me sad to think they're all going
to --

She trails off.

GRANT
It's not their time, Ellie.

He puts one arm around her, the other arm around both kids.

GRANT (cont.)
It's ours.

Ellie takes his hand tightly in both of hers.

Lex looks over at them. She reaches up, determined, and maybe just the tiniest bit jealous, and takes Grant's other hand in both of hers, just like Ellie.

The four of them sit that way, in the back of the helicopter, huddled together.

Survivors.

OUT OVER THE OCEAN,

the helicopter sweeps low over the shimmering water. Up ahead, a huge flock of seabirds floats on the waves, feeding on a school of fish.

As the chopper ROARS near, it kicks up the flock. Hundreds of birds sail off in all directions, powerful and graceful.

As they move away, they reform, as a flock again, flying straight into the sun.

FADE OUT.

Maybe he's not. Maybe
~~I don't think he is. I think~~
he learned how to fly.

what?

~~I think~~ Maybe dinosaurs didn't die out. Maybe
they evolved. Into birds. Velociraptor's
may be illustrating as an evolutionary link.
Not as clear as
archaeopteryx, maybe, but still —
~~how could a species~~

I

~~If they're so tough~~
what'd this one stand,
about five feet?
Not so fearsome.

G

~~Raptors~~ Look at him. That
was one tough son of a bitch.

U

If he's so tough, how
come he's so dead?

They laugh.

~~G~~

~~I don't think he is. I think they evolved. Into birds.~~
~~Seriously. Velociraptor may be a good~~
~~evolutionary link. Raptors Not as~~
~~clear as archaeopteryx, but good.~~